Shee knowes my purpoſe to diſpoſe her to
Sir *Nicolas Treedle*.

Wor. And how doe you find her inclination?

Sir Geo. As I would direct it.

Wor. She will maintaine it to your comfort Sir,
How euer with what vigilance becomes me,
I will preſerue it, while ſhee remaines within my cuſtody.

Sir Geo. Ile leaue a Seruant to waite vpon her.

Wor. Braines. *Sir Geo.* The ſame.

Wor. He is a cunning fellow. *Sir Geo.* He has a ſconce,
Carryes ſome ſubtilty which he employes
Still honeſtly in diſcharge of any truſt committed to him.

Wor. Good. *Sir Geo.* And 'tis his pride,
He was nere o're-reached in any action.

Wor. He knowes his charge.

Sir Geo. Perfectly, but I looſe time, Sir *Nicolas Treedle* expects me, this night i'the Countrey.

Wor. When dee returne?

Sir Geo. Within theſe three dayes at moſt,
Trouble your ſelfe no further.

Wor. Ile waite on you to your horſe Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Aymwell.

Aym. Sh'as ſhot a fire into my boſome, from
Her eye, or I haue drawne in, at mine owne,
Loue poyſon, Oh my ſtarres were too vngentle
To poynt her out the Miſtris of my thoughts,
Who is ſo much like them, aboue the hope
Of euer clyming too, I ſee a fatall
Impoſſibility deuide vs, yet
The more I would diſcharge this new gueſt, it
Strengthens it ſelfe within mee, and renewes
Vigour to keepe poſſeſſion, ſhees aboue mee
And her great fortune makes my expectation
So dull and painfull, a great heyre her vncle?

Enter Mr. Worthy.

Wor. Mr. *Aymwell* what alone, come lets
To cards, where be the Gentlemen. *Aym.* Within Sir,

THE WITTIE FAIRE ONE.

A Comedie.

As it was presented at the Private House in Drvry Lane.

By her Maiesties Servants.

Bibl. Bodl. Fr. Douce

By Iames Shirley.

Hor. Serm. lib. 1.

Men' moveat cimex Pantiluis? aut cruciet, quod
Vellicet absentem Demetrius?
——— Demetri, teque Tigelli
Discipulorum inter iubeo plorare Cathedras.

FD

LONDON
Printed by B. A. and T. F. for Wil. Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop, neere *Furnivals-Inne* Gate, in *Holborne*. 1633.

4713

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A713

TO
THE TRVELY
NOBLE KNIGHT
Sir EDWARD BVSHELL.

SIr, your candide censure of some vnworthy Poems which I haue presented to the world, long since made me your Seruant in my thoughts, and being vnwilling to rest long in the silent contemplation of your Noblenesse, I presumed at last to send this Comedy, to kisse your hand, as the first degree to my greater happinesse in your more particular knowledge of me; It wanted no grace on the Stage, if it appeare acceptable to you in this new trimme of the Presse, it will improoue abroad, and you oblige the Author to acknowledge a fauour beyond the first applause. Pardon the rudenesse of my publike addresse to you, in the number of many whom which more excuse, I might haue interrupted. I am bold, but your mercy will incline you not to despise these (at the worst) but errors of my deuotion, and the weak expression of his seruice, whose desires are to be knowne,

Your true Honourer,

IAMES SHIRLEY.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir GEORGE, an old rich Knight.
Mr. WORTHY, his Brother.
Mr. AYMWELL, Lover of *Violetta*.
Mr. FOWLER, a wild young Gentleman.
Sir NICHOLAS, a Fooliſh Knight.
Mr. CLARE, Mr. MANLY, } Gentlemen.
TVTOR, and Companion to Sir *Nicholas*.
BRAINES, Sir *George*'s Servant.
WHIBBLE, Mr. *Worthie*'s Servant.
2. GENT. FOOTMAN. MESSINGER.

VIOLETTA, Sir *George*'s Daughter.
PENELOPE, Mr. *Worthie*'s Daughter.
SENSIBLE, WINIFRIDE, } Chambermaides.

THE VVITTY FAIRE ONE.

ACTVS, I. Scæna, I.

Enter Sir George Richley, Master Worthy, Whibble a Servant.

Mr. Worthy.

SO soone after dinner?

Sir Geo: I am engaged, and must away, excuse me brother.

M. Wor: Well, make ready his horse.

Whib. His Worships padde shall be prepared: If your Gelding be not ready in a minute, your Worship shall ride me.

Sir Geo: I shall not need to vrge your care vpon
My Daughter, on whom next the deuotion of
My soule to heauen, all my desires
And thoughts reflect, I leaue her to your trust,
And in my absence doubt not you will be
Both Vncle and a Father. (titles,

Wor. Willingly, I would depose my selfe from both those
To serue my Neece, her vertue will reward me,
I know shee is your study, in your want
I will put on your jealousie. *Sir Geo.* It would not

Become me to confine your entertainments,
Of friends and visitants, but remember Brother,
Shee's now my sole heyre, and by the late death
Of her twinne Sister, shee derives the right
Of all my wealth to her, Gallants I feare
I'th Towne hold too fruitfull intelligence
In these affaires, and if they be not watched
They'l with their wit charme all the Dragons guard, these golden apples. *Worth.* There are such indeed.

Sir Geo. Oh sir, there are too many, not a Virgin
Left by her friends heyre to a noble fortune,
But shee's in danger of a Marriage
To some puft Title, what are these enter the Garden?

Enter Aymwell, Fowler, and Clare.

Wor. The Gentlemen that din'd with vs —

Fow. Why how now *Franck*, grown musty on a sud-dain? Head hung, and playing the thiefe thus with your friends, to steale your person from vs, what's the matter.

Aym. Nothing, nothing Gentlemen.

Clare. Very like, and yet you leaue our company for this nothing.

Fow. Let's in againe to the Ladies. *Sir Geo.* What's he.

Wor. One Master *Fowler* a reputed wit
I'th Towne, affected by young Gentlemen
For his Converse, yet liues vpon no pension
But his owne Fortune, and a Faire one.
Th'other Mr. *Clare*, a friend to Mr. *Aymwell*, whom they both seeme to sollicite.

Sir Geo. Mr. *Aymwell.* *Wor.* A hopefull Gentleman.

Sir Geo. Brother, did you not obserue at dinner
His eyes shoote beames vpon my Daughter (more
Then I was pleas'd with) Mr. *Aymwell* call you him,
I may suspect vniustly, but such lookes are often loose conveyers. *Wor.* Make no part of him your feare.

Sir Geo. I doe not, when I call to mind my Daughters vertue and obedience,

Shee

Shee knowes my purpose to dispose her to
Sir *Nicolas Treedle.*

Wor. And how doe you find her inclination?

Sir Geo. As I would direct it.

Wor. She will maintaine it to your comfort Sir,
How euer with what vigilance becomes me,
I will preserue it, while shee remaines within my custody.

Sir Geo. Ile leaue a Seruant to waite vpon her.

Wor. Braines. *Sir Geo.* The same.

Wor. He is a cunning fellow. *Sir Geo.* He has a sconce,
Carryes some subtilty which he employes
Still honestly in discharge of any trust committed to him.

Wor. Good. *Sir Geo.* And 'tis his pride,
He was nere o're-reached in any action.

Wor. He knowes his charge.

Sir Geo. Perfectly, but I loose time, Sir *Nicolas*
Treedle expects me, this night i' the Countrey.

Wor. When dee returne?

Sir Geo. Within these three dayes at most,
Trouble your selfe no further.

Wor. Ile waite on you to your horse Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Aymwell.

Aym. Sh'as shot a fire into my bosome, from
Her eye, or I haue drawne in, at mine owne,
Loue poyson. Oh my starres were too vngentle
To poynt her out the Mistris of my thoughts,
Who is so much like them, aboue the hope
Of euer clyming too, I see a fatall
Impossibility deuide vs, yet
The more I would discharge this new guest, it
Strengthens it selfe within mee, and renewes
Vigour to keepe possession, shees aboue mee
And her great fortune makes my expectation
So dull and painfull, a great heyre her vncle?

Enter Mr. Worthy.

Wor. Mr. *Aymwell* what alone, come lets
To cards, where be the Gentlemen. *Aym.* Within Sir,

H'as Sir *George Richley* left vs?

Wor. Some affaires importun'd his departure.

Aym. When ſhall wee expect him?

Wor. Three dayes hence, this your enquirie
Doth promiſe you haue buſineſſe with him. *Aym.* Little,
But you did motion cards, Ile chuſe my partner
And for a ſet or two I'me at your ſeruice.

Wor. Make your owne election.

Aym. Why dee mocke mee. *Wor.* How mocke you.

Aym. Yes? *Wor.* You doe not meane in earneſt.

Aym. I ſhall betray my paſſion. *Wor.* I find him.

Aym. You may for I am loſt. *Enter Mrs. Violette.*

Vio. Hee's here — good Vncle, is my father gone?

Wor. Yes, gentle Neece.

Vio. Delight in both your walkes
Ile take this Arbor.

Aym. So breakes the day and hides it ſelfe agen
Among the Weſterne ſhades, were ſhee to dwell
Within your garden it ſhould need no ſunne.
Her ſmiles were powerfull to infuſe a warmth
Into the flowers, her breath perfume your arbours
The trees grow rich in bloſſome and beare fruit
At the ſame inſtant, as 'twere euer Spring
And euer Summer when ſhee ſeates her ſelfe
Within ſome bower, the feathered Quiriſters
Shall play theyr muſicke to her and take pride
To warble aery notes till ſhee be weary,
Which when ſhee ſhall but with one Accent of
Her owne expreſſe, an hundred Nightingales
Shall fall downe dead from the ſoft boughes before her
For griefe to be orechaunted. *Wor.* Here's prety madnes.

Aym. 'Tis ſo, you haue done my paſſion iuſtice Sir
For loue is but a ſtragling from our reaſon.

Wor. If you doe loue my Neece, let you and I
Talke out of Metaphor. *Aym.* You know my Father.

Wor. Hee was my noble friend.

Aym. For his ſake, giue me your free anſwere to
One queſtion. *Wor.* What is't, promiſe your ſelfe

What

What I can doe or say is at your seruice.
Aym. Is there a possibility, admit
I loved your Neece, shee might be wonne at last
To be my wife. *Wor.* Ile not dispute the extent
Of what is possible, yet my answere may be
Satisfactory. *Aym.* You were ever generous.
Wor. I were vnciuill not to reply to
A question, you shall finde my loue more fruitfull,
You shall haue both my answere and my counsell.
Aym. Let me imbrace a perfect friend.
Wor. D'ee know what
Fortune my young Neece may bring her husband.
Aym. I guesse a great one, but I set more value
Vpon her person, my affection springs
Not from her wealth. *Wor.* But yet her portion
Is worth your taking notice Master *Aymwell*,
Her Father is a man who though he write
Himselfe but Knight, keepes a warme house i'th Countrey
'Mongst his Tenants, takes no Lordly pride
To trauell with a Footman and a Page
To *London*, humbly rides th'old fashion
With halfe a douzen wholesome Liueries,
To whom he gives Christian wages and not countenance
Alone to liue on, can spend by th' yeare
Eight hundred pounds, and put vp fine sleepes quietly
Without dreaming on Morgages or Statutes
Or such like curses on his Land, can number
May be ten thousand pound in ready coyne
Of's owne, yet neuer bought an office for't
Ha's plate no question, and Iewels too
In's old Ladies cabinet, beside
Other things worth an Inuentory, and all this
His daughter is an heyre too, now pray tell mee
What's your reuenue? *Aym.* Some 3. hundred pounds.
Wor. Per annum? Grant it, what expectation
Haue you abroad? *Aym.* None.
Wor. That's quickly summon'd.
You haue not made your loue knowne to my Neece yet.

 Aym. No;

Aym. No, my intention was to preacquaint you.
Wor. Y'haue done wisely, doe not thinke on her
When y'are at prayers, she will but puzzell
Your deuotion, theres no hope of her. *Aym.* Ha!
Wor. I meane for you to arriue at her, your owne dispa-
rity in fortune. *Aym.* I doe finde it.
Wor. Excuse my plainnesse sir, her Father lookes
A great deale higher, and to take away
Your least incouragement, to prosecute
Within my knowledge she's design'd already
To a wealthy Gentleman, and within few dayes
'Twill be a marriage, you shall but procure
Your owne affliction to employ your hope
Where things remaine so desperate. *Aym.* I thanke you.
Wor. you doe your selfe more right. *Aym.* If such affaires
Haue past, it were not noble to continue
This path, y'aue done me gentle office Sir
I must beleeue y'are generous, this new flame
My reason shall suppresse, before it growe
Too mighty for mee. *Wor.* It becomes you well,
Loue like to sinne, inueterate is strong
He preuents danger, that destroyes it yong.
Wor. Come to your freinds. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fowler, Penelope, Clare.

Fow. Your soft Starres will not let you be so cruell
Lady, to giue repulse to a louer.
Cla. Doe not belieue him, he does but complement,
I ha'knowne him court a hundred, with as much
Formalitie, wooed 'em ith nuptiall cut, made verses
O' their haire, set Lillies and Rosies, a whole
Garden i'their cheekes, cherries i'their lippes, stellifie their
eyes, and yet in a twinckling. —
Penel. Sure you doe him wrong sir. *Clare.* Wrong?
Fow. He measures my affection by the length of his own,
Prethee Satyre chuse another walke, and leaue vs to inioy
this, thou knowst not my intent.
Cla. Thou mayst be honest with one, and that's a miracle,

and will aske a ſtrong faith to beleeue it, I hope ſhee has more wit then to truſt your voluble courtſhip, Ile ſeeke out my friend *Aymwell.* *Vio. comes from the Arbor.*

Viol. Sir, if your engagement require no haſt.

Penel. I doe wonder a Gentleman of your knowledge ſhould ſo deceive himſelfe.

Fow. Expreſſe your ſelfe Faireſt.

Penel. Faire ſir, I am not taken with your flatteries, I can ſee through you.

Fow. If you haue ſo actiue an eye Lady, you may ſee a throng of Paſſions flaming at my hart, ſet a fire by your beauty I proteſt t'ee; come, ſhame not your wiſdome to beleeue report or opinion ath' world, 'tis a malicious age we liue in, if your eares haue beene abuſed with any ill noiſe, a me you ſhall tell your ſelfe if you loue me, the world is a ſhameleſſe and miſerable detractor, you doe not deſpiſe me Lady. —

Penel. No, I pitty ſo handſome a Gentleman, and of So faire a fortune, ſhould want his eyes.

Fow. How blind? *Penel.* To your owne follies ſir.

Fow. Shall I ſweare I loue you, as I am a Gentleman.

Pen. As you are a Gentleman, I know you can ſweare any thing t'is a faſhion y'are moſt conſtant in, to bee religiouſly wicked, an oath in your mouth and a reſeruation in your hearts is a common Courtſhip, doe not ſweare as you are a Gentleman. *Fow.* As I am an honeſt man.

Penel. Out vpon't, that's a worſe, my Taylor couzened me t'oher day with the ſame oath, ſaue your credit and let ſwearing alone, I dare take your word.

Fow. Well ſayd.

Penel. For a greater matter, but not for this, you and I ha not eaten a buſhell of ſalt yet, in time I may be conuerted, and thinke your tongue and heart keepe houſe together, for at this time I preſume they are very farre a ſunder.

Fow. Would you haue my tongue in my heart Lady?

Penel. No by my troth, I would rather finde your heart in your tongue, but you are valiant, and 'tis onely feare they ſay, brings a mans heart vp to his mouth.

Fow. Why,

Fow. Why, your wit is a tyrant now, pray tell me doe not you loue me mightily now aboue Potatoes, come I see the little blind Boy in your eyes already.

Pen. Loue you Sir?

Fow. Yes, I know by your bitternesse you wish me well and thinke there is some hope I may be wonne too, you take paines to whip me so handsomely, come Ile be a good child and kisse the rod.

Cla. You oblige my seruice to you, I am one *Aymwell* called friend, and shall be happy to Convay him any knowledge may concerne him.

Vio. Then briefly thus I vnderstand he loues mee Pray you doe him the true office of a friend And councell him desist, I am dispos'd of Already in my fathers thoughts, and must Shew my obedience, he shall beget But his owne trouble, if he moue it to My Vnckle or my Father, and perhaps Draw their suspition and displeasure On me too, by so indiscreet proceeding, I would not haue a Gentleman of his worth Doe himselfe so great iniury to runne A course of so much hazard, if you please To beare the burden of my thankes for his On my part vndeseru'd opinion, And make him sensible, in time hee may Place his affection where he may expect Better returne, you shall discharge a friendship To him, and with it make my thoughts your debtor.

Cla. You haue expreſt a nobleneſſe in this Were all of your mind Lady, There would be leſſe Willow worne.

Fow. You would ha' me praiſe you now, I could ramble in your commendation. *Pen.* I thinke ſo.

Fow. Dee but thinke ſo, why you ſhall heare mee, Your hayres are *Cupids* Nets, a Forehead like the fayreſt coaſt of heauen without a cloud, your eybrow is loues bow

whiles

whiles eyther Eye are arrowes drawne to wound, your lips the Temple or sacred phane of kisses often as they meete exchanging Roses, your tongue Loues lightning, necke the Milky path or throne where sit the Graces, doe not I know that I haue abused you all this while, or doe you thinke I loue you a thought the better, or with all my Poeticall daubings can alter the complection of a hayre now.

Pen. I would not haue you sir.

Fow. No dispraise te'e
I haue seene as handsome a woman
Ride vpon a sacke to Market, that neuer knew the impulsion of a Coate or the price of a Stammell petticoate, and I ha seene a worse face in a Countesse; what's that? Must ye be proud because men doe call you handsome, and yet though wee are so foolish to tell you so, you might haue more wit then to beeleeue it, your eyes may be matcht I hope, for your nose there be richer in our sexe, t'is true that you haue colour for your hayre wee graunt it, and for your cheekes, but what doe your teeth stand you in Lady, your lips are pretty but you lay 'em too open and men breath too much vpon 'em, for your tongue wee all leaue you ther's no contesting, your hand is fine but your gloues whiter, and for your leg, if the commendation or goodnesse of it bee in the small, there be bad enow in Gentlemens stockings to compare with it; come remember y'are imperfect creatures without a man, be not you a Goddesse I know y'are mortall, and had rather make you my companion then my idoll, this is no flattery now.

Enter Worthy, Aymwell, Braines.

Wor. Where be these Gentlemen.

Fow. How now *Franck.*

Wor. You looke well to your charge *Braines.*

Bra. A question Sir, pray you, are you married Sir.?

Cla. Why dost thou aske?

Bra. Because you should answere me
I cannot see't in your forehead Sir,

Cla. How now my officious Trencher squire.

Wor. Excuse him Master *Clare*, t'is his blunt zeale To doe his Master seruice, who enioy'd His best care and vigilance vpon this Gentlewoman. *Cla.* I am married Sir.

Bra. Then I hope y'ane met with your match already I ha nothing to say tee. *Cla.* This fellow's mad.

Bra. Nor my Master neither, though he left his braines behind him, I hope a man may aske a question Sir.

Wor. Come hither *Braines*.

Fow. Ame life thou art in loue. *Cla.* You are not.

Fow. Doe not mistake your selfe for I am.

Cla. Caught, I am glad on't.

Fow. No indeed not caught neyther, therefore be not ouerioy'd good morality, why dost thou thinke it possible a womans face or any thing without her can inchaunt me.

Bra. Let me alone. (*Exit Uncle.*

Cla. Why dost thou court 'em then.

Fow. Why, to try their wits with which I sharpen my owne, dost thinke I am so mad to marry, sacrifice my liberty to a Woman, sell my patromony to buy them Feathers and new fashions, and maintaine a Gentleman Vsher to ride in my saddle when I am Knighted, and pointed at with *Pythagoras* for my tame sufferance, ha my Wardrop laid forth and my holiday breeches, when my Lady pleases I shall take the ayre in a Coach with her, together with her Dog that is costiue, bee appointed my table what I shall eate, according as her Ladiship findes her owne body inclin'd, fed vpon this or that Melancholy dish by prescription, guarded with officious Sallets like a Prisoner in a throng, praise her beautifull allowance of course Mutton that haue the world of dainty flesh before me, 'twere a sinne to discretion and my owne freedome.

Bra. Young Mistris, I obserue you.

Cla. You doe not meane to dye in this faith.

Fow. Prethee doe not talke of Dying, a pox o'the Belman and his *Omnia benes*, but that I thinke I know thy Father, I should hardly believe thou wert a Gentleman, howcuer

euer thy *Aristotles Ethicks* will make thee vncapable of their company shortly, if you Catechise thus you shall haue few Gentlemen your Disciples that haue any bloud or spirit about 'em, there's no discourse so becomming your Gallants now, as a Horse race or *Hide*-Parke? what Ladies lips are softest? what Fashion is most terse and Courtly? what newes abroad? which is the best Vaulting house? where shall we taste Canary and be drunke too night, talke a morality — heere be Ladies still, you shall heare me court one on 'em, I hope you wee' not report abroad among my friends that I loue her, 'tis the loue of mounting into her maydenhead I vow *Jacke*, and nothing else.

Cla. Y'are a mad Louer. *As Aymwell comes towards*

Bra. That was cunningly cast about. *Violetta she turnes and Exit.*

Fow. Whither is't Lady?

Pen. I'me walking in Sir.

Fow. Ile wayt on you, and after that abroad, 'tis an inuiting day, are you for the Coach.

Penel. No.

Fow. Or for the Couch? Take mee a Companion for either. *Penel.* Neither.

Fow. How neither, blame your selfe if you be idle, Howsoeuer you shall not be alone, make vse of My arme Faire st, you will to your Lute, I heard you Could touch it cunningly, pray bless my eares a little.

Penel. My Lute's broke Sir.

Fow. A string you meane, but 'tis no matter, your voyce is not, rauish a little with that, if you please I can helpe you to an heyre by this blacke eye which Nature hath giuen you, Ile not leaue you Ile follow yee. *Exeunt. Fow. Cl.*

Aym. All this from her? *told Penelope.*

Cla. You may be heard Sir.

Aym. Why this to him, could shee not giue me Repulse, but shee must thus proclaime it, I neuer Mou'd it to her, her Vncle hath had no opportunity To acquaint her what's the Mystery, Prethee repeat agen the substance of what shee said.

Cla. With my best memory her words, shee wisht you

not proceed for shee was already dispos'd of in her Fathers thoughts.

Aym. In her fathers thoughts? Happily not in her owne.

Cla. It would be fruitlesse to moue her Vncle or her Father in't.

Aym. Ha, not moue her Vncle or her Father? This may beget encouragement hope I may to her Propound my affection and be happy in't proceed.

Cla. She would be sory a Gentleman of your worth Should runne a Course of so much hazard.

Aym. Hazard, that word does yet imply there is a pos-

Cla. So with complement (sibilitie.

Of her thankes for your fayre opinion of her, Shee wisht me make you sensible in time To place your Loue where you might expect Better returne.

Aym. Ah that's wormwood, let me see, better returne This last returne hath spoyl'd the whole Terme And vndone my suite, vm? No it doth admit A faire Construction: Shee would ha me sensible in time to plant My loue where I may expect better returne, Why? That I may from her for ought I know.

Cla. *Amantes sibi somnia fingunt*, how apt are Louers to confter all to their desires.

Aym. I wonnot let my Action fall.

Cla. Doe not build Castles.

Aym. I'le smooth it with her Vncle, if it hit Oh I my blest Starres.

Cla. Hee's a bed already.

Aym. *Venus* assist one to thy Altar flies, And I'le proclaime, thy sonne hath found his eyes. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus primus.

Actvs, II. Scena, I.

Enter Sir Nicholas Treedle, and a Servant.

Nic. WHere's Marre-text my Chaplaine.

Ser. He's newly walked out of his Meditation in the Kitchin, into the Garden.

Nic. Bid him reade Prayers in the Dining-roome.

Serv. Before your Worship come?

Nic. I wo'not pray too day, doſt heere? Bid my Tutor come downe to mee. *Serv.* Which on them.

Nic. Why hee that reades Trauaile to me, the wit that I tooke vp in *Paules* in a tiffany Cloake without a hatband, now I haue put him into a doublet of Sattaine — ſtay hee's heere. *Enter Tutor.*

Nic. Morrow Tutor, what houre take you it?

Tu. It is no houre at all Sir. *Nic.* How? (Sir.

Tu. Not directly any houre, for it is betweene 8. and 9.

Nic. Very learnedly then I was ready betweene Six and ſeauens too day.

Tu. Are you diſpos'd for Lecture.

Nic. Yes, yes Sir.

Tu. You remember my laſt prelection of the Diuiſion Of the Earth into parts Reall and Imaginary: The parts reall into Continent and Iland, The ſubdiuiſion of the Continent, into *Peninſula*, *Iſthmus*, and *Promontory*.

Nic. In troth Sir, I remember ſome ſuch things but I haue forgotten 'em. *Tu.* What is an *Iſthmus*?

Nic. Why an *Iſthmus*, is an Elbow of land.

Tu. A Necke, a necke.

Nic. A necke? Why I was neere it, if you had let me alone, I ſhould haue come vp too't.

Tu. 'Twas well gueſt, what's an Iland?

Nic. An Iland is an high Mountaine, which ſhooteth it ſelfe into the Sea. *Tu.* That's a *Promontory*.

Nic. Is't so? An Iland then is, no matter let it goe, 'tis not the first Iland we ha lost.

Tu. How are you perfect in your Circles? Great & lesse, Mutable and immutable, Tropicall and Polar.

Nic. As perfect in them as I am in these, faith I shall neuer conne these things handsomely, may not a man study Trauaile without these Circles, Degrees and altilatitudes you speake of? *Tu.* Yes, you may.

Nic. I doe not care for the neerest way, I ha time enough to goe about.

Tu. Very well, you shall lay aside your Globe then.

Nic. I, and if please you I will haue it stand in my hall to make my Tenants wonder instead of the book of *Martyrs*.

Tu. It will doe well, now name what Kingdome or Prouince you haue most minde to.

Nic. What say you to *England*.

Tut. By no meanes, it is not in fashion with Gentlemen to study their owne Nation, you will discouer a dull rasinesse if you admire not and with admiration preferre not the weedes of other regiments before the most pleasant flowers of your owne garden, let your Iudgment reflect vpon a serious consideration who teaches you the minick posture of your body, the punctuality of your beard, the formality of your pace, the elbowes of your cloake, the heele of your boote, doe not other nations? Are not *Italian* heads *Spanish* shoulders, *Dutch* bellies, and *French* legs, the onely Notions of your reformed *English* Gentlemen.

Nic. I am resolu'd to be ignorant of my owne country say no more on't, what think you if I went ouer to *France* the first thing I did. *Tu.* By Sea?

Nic. Dee thinke I ha no more wit then to venture my selfe i'th salt water, I had rather be pickled and powdred at home by halfe that I had.

Tu. I apprehend you are cautious, it is safe trauelling in your study, but I will not read *France* to you. *Nic.* No?

Tu. Pardone me, it is vnnecessary, all the *French* fashions are here already or rather your *French* cuts.

Nic. Cuts? *Tu.* Vn-

Tu. Vnderstand me, there are diuers *French* cuts.
Nic. We haue had too many *French* cuts already.
Tu. First, there is your cut of the head.
Ni. That's dangerous.
Tu. Pshew a haire a hayre, a perriwigge is your *French* cutte and in fashion with your most courtly Gallants, your owne hayre will naturally forsake you.
Nic. A bald reason.
Tu. Right obseru'd their prudent and weighty pollicy who haue brought up this artificiall head-peice, because no man should appeare light headed.
Nic. He had no sound head that inuented it.
Tu. Then there is the new cut of your doublet or slash the Fashion of your apparrell a queint cut.
Nic. Vpon Taffety.
Tu. Or what you please, the slash is the embleme of your valour, and besides declareth that you are open brested.
Nic. Open as much as you will but no valour.
Tu. Then Sir, there is the cut of your leg.
Nic. That's when a man is drunke, is it not?
Tu. Doe not stagger in your iudgement, for this cut is the grace of your body, I meane dancing o'th *French* cut i'th leg is most fashionable, beleeue it pupill a gentile carriage.
Nic. But it is faine to be supported sometime with a bottome. *Enter Seruant.*
Ser. Here is Sir *George Richley* Sir newly alighted.
Nic. Oh my Father in law that shalbe.
Tu. Then wee are cut off.
Nic. There is a match concluded between his daughter and me and now he comes for my answere conduct him to the gallery. *Tu.* Rather Sir meete him.
Nic. Let him goe before and tell him we are comming and weele be there as soone as hee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Braines, Whible.

Whi. Braynes. *Bra.* What's the matter.
Whi. Lets rifle the other bottle of wine.
Bra. Doe not indanger thy sconce. *Whi.* How?
Bra. I'le

Bra. I'le drink no more. *Whib.* Why?

Br. Becauſe I will not be drunke for any mans pleaſure.

Wh. Drunke?

Br. Tis good *Engliſh* now, t'was *Dutch*, may bee you ha ſome conſpiracy vpon mee.

Wh. I? Who has betrayed me? his Miſtris procured the Key of the Wine-ſeller, and bad me try if I could wind vp his braines handſomely, he knowes on't not one health more.

Br. Not, not, good *Whible* if you vrge agen I ſhall ſuſ-

Wh. Suſpect me? (pect.

Br. And beate you *Whible* if you be not ſatisfied.

Wh. I am, but in friendſhip.

Br. Doſt tempt me?

Wh. I will drinke your health and be drunke alone.

Br. This whelpe has ſome plot vpon men, I ſmell powder my young Miſtris would haue blowne vp my braines this Peter-gunner ſhould haue given fire, 'tis not the firſt time ſhee hath conſpired ſo but two not doe, I was neuer yet couzned in my life, and if I ſpawne my braines for a bottle of Sacke, or Claret, may my noſe as a brand for my negligence carry euerlaſting *Malmeſey* in it, and be ſtudded with Rubies and Carbuncles, Miſtris you muſt pardon my officiouſneſſe, be as angry as a Tyger I muſt play the Dragon and watch your golden fleece, my Maſter has put me in truſt and I am not ſo eaſily corrupted. I ha but two eyes *Argus* had a hundred, but hee muſt be a cunning *Mercury* muſt pipe them both a ſleepe I can tell you. And now I talke of ſleepe, my lodging is next to her chambers, it is a confidence in my Maſter to let his Liuery lye ſo neere her, Seruingmen haue e're now proved themſelues no Eunuches, with their Maſters Daughters, if I were ſo luſty as ſome of my owne tribe, it were no great labour to commit Burglary vpon a Maydenhead, but all my nouriſhment runs vpward into braines and I am glad on't, a temperate blood is ſigne of a good Liver, I am paſt tilting, here ſhee is with the ſecond part of her to the ſame tune, an other maide that has a grudging

grudging of the greene ſicknes. and wants a man to recouer her.

Enter Violeta and Penelope.

Pen. Be this enough betweene vs to bind each to helpe others deſignes.

Vio. Heeres *Breynes*, hee has not yet beene drencht.

Pe. Hee is too ſubtile. *Vio.* How now *Breynes*?

Br. As you ſee forſooth. *Pen.* Thou art very ſad.

Br. But I am in ſober ſadnes I thanke my ſtarres.

Vi. Witty.

Br. As much wit as will keepe *Breynes* from melting this hot weather.

Pen. A dry whooreſone not thus to be wrought vpon!

Br. Very good Sacke and Claret ith houſe.

Pen. Thou haſt not taſted.

Bre. Oyes, oyes, my braines ſwimme in Canary, exceedingly excellent Sacke I thanke yee Ladies, I know tis your pleaſure I ſhould not want o'th beſt blood o'th grape in hope there might be a ſtone in my cup to marre my drinking afterwards. *Enter Senſible.*

Miſtris *Senſible* what igge ithe wind ſhee moues ſo nimbly.

Pen. From whom? *Sen.* Maſter *Fowler.*

Bre. A Letter? whence flew th at paper kite.

Pen. What this?

Br. An other incloſed without direction happily obſerued.

Pen, If you can loue I will ſtudy to deſerue and be happy to giue you proofe of my ſervice, in the meane time it ſhalbe a teſtimony of your favour to deliuer this incloſed paper to your couzen from her ſervant *Aymwell*, farewell and remember *Fowler*, looke your couzen what Mr. *Fowler* writes, I dare truſt you with the ſecret at your opportunity peruſet his paper.

Bre. Conveyances, I read iugling in that paper already, and though you put it vp I wo not oh, for ſo much Magick to conſure that paper out of her boſome into my pocket now I doe long to know what pittifull louer for it

can be no other, is doing penance in that white sheete already, Mistris *Sensible* harke yee; whence came that letter?

Sen. From Master *Fowler* to my Mistris.

Br. It is a shee Letter it seemes.

Sen. A shee Letter why so?

Bre. Because it had a young one it'h belly on't, or I am much mistaken.

Pen. Does he not write like a bold gamester?

Br. And a bowling gamester too, for his byas was towards my Mistres, but I may chance to cast a rub in his way to keepe him from kissing.

Vio. Hee hath very good partes in him questionlesse, but doe you loue him.

Br. O the cunning of these Gipses, how when they list they can talke in a distinguishable dialect, they call men foxes but they make tame geese a some on vs, and yet like one a those in *Rome* I may prove so happy to preserue your distressed Capitoll, what newes brings this Kickshaw.

Enter Winifred.

Win. Master *Fowler* desires to speake with you.

Bre. Already he might ha deliuered his owne Letter.

Vio. Ile to my Chamber

Bre. It will doe very well.

Vio. I hope you wilbe carefull that I am not troubled with any visit of Gentlemen, it will become your officiousnesse good *Dametas* to haue a care of your charge *Pamela*.

Br. So, I can suffer this jeare. *Exit.*

Vio. Ha? is he gone? I'me glad on't, Ile take this opportunity to reade the Paper, Master *Aymwell* sent me no superscription?

Enter Breines.

Bre. Shee's at it already, thus farre of I can read her countenance if she spare her voyce.

Vio. *I doe not court your fortune but your loue,*
If my wild apprehension of it, proue
My error, punish gently, since the fire
Came from your selfe that kindled my desire.

So my poore heart full of expectance lyes
To be your seruant or your sacrifice.

Vio. It shall bee answered. *Exit.*

Bre. It shall, the games a foote, were I best to discouer thus much, or reserue it to welcome home the old Knight withall, Ile be more familiar with this iugling, first, the Scriuener has a Name and if he be worth his owne eares he shall be worth my discouery.

Enter Fowler, and Penelope.

Here comes the Gallant and the tother toy now:

Pen. I receiued your Letter Sir?

Fow. In good time.

Pen. You might haue spared your hand a labour, if you had resolved to put your feete vpon this expedition.

Bre. Good.

Fow. I confesse I wrote something in my owne cause, but the chiefe cause was to convay my friends affection to his Mistris.

Bre. And I will convey your affection to somebody else.

Pen Then you made me a property. *(Exit.*

Fow. 'Tis for your honour if you helpe any way to aduance an honest businesse, and yet mistake me not though the Racke should enforce from me without a second reason I had not wrote to you, yet for so much as concern'd my selfe by this kisse, my pen hath but set downe the resolution of my heart to serue you.

Pen. To serue me, how?

Fow. How? why any way, giue me your Liuery I'le weare it, or a Coate with a Cognizance by this light, I feare you are an Hereticke still and doe not beleeue as you should doe, come let me rectifie your Faith, serue you.

Pen. Since the Complement of Service came up, Gentlemen have had excuse for their love: I would not have you serve me Sir.

Fow. Not serve you? Why dee thinke a man cannot love and serve too.

Pen. Not one serve two, well.

Fow. You are too literall, and yet i'th strict sence I ha knowne a woman has served halfe a doozen Gentlemen handsomely, so, so, and yet the last had enough of her too, why should not one man serve two Gentlewomen, it argues against your Sexe, that you are more insatiable ath' two, but I have a simple affection I protest and individuall, Ile neere serve but one.

Penel. But one at once.

Fow. But one at once, and but one alwayes, by this Dyamond.

Penel. Nay keepe your oath Sir.

Fow. I am forsworne if I doe not, for I vowed before I came to bestow it, come weare it in your bosome, it shall be an earnest of more precious jewels, though not of so bright a lustre that will follow.

Penel. I pray Sir resolve me one thing, and be plaine, Doe you love me?

Fow. Love you?

Pen. 'Tis my question.

Fow. 'Tis a very foolish one, to what purpose have I beene talking all this while, that you make it a question, has not it beene the Theame of all my discourse hitherto, that I doe love you. *Pen.* In what sence?

Fow. In what sence? Why in any sence at your owne choyce, or in all the sences together, and you doubt me: I doe love to see your face, heare your voyce, smell your breath, touch your tree, and taste your golden Apples.

Pen. But this does not satisfie me.

Fow. You doe not doubt my sufficiency dee?

Pen. Now you're immodest, I onely askt if you love me.

Fow. And ha not I told you? Pray teach me a better way to expresse it. Does a Wiseman love Fooles fortune, and a Nobleman another beside my Lady? Does the Divell love an Vsurer, a Great man his Flatterer, the Lawyer a Full Terme, or the Physitian a dead time to thrive in.

Pen. Spare your selfe this is but course love.

Fow. Ile spin it finer and finer every day Sweet, to be

plaine

plaine with thee, what dost thou think of me for a husband, I love thee that way. *Pen.* Would you did else.

Fow. Is there any thing in me would commend it selfe, that I may spare my other commendations, for I am resolved to be yours at any rate of my own praise, or what I can purchase from my friends.

Pen. Sir, if your meaning be no stranger to your language, although I cannot promise my selfe, you bind me to bee thankfull for it. *Fow.* She nibbles already.

Pen. But pardon me if I suspect you still, you are too wild and aery to be constant to that affection.

Enter Breines, and Worthy.

Bra. There be the Pigeons.

Wor. An't be no wotse I care not, Mr. *Fowler* A most welcome Friend.

Fow. I would be to your daughter.

Bra. Let her use to entertaine him so, and hee'l bid himselfe welcome, harke you sir, you doe like his company? *Wor.* Yes.

Bra. So I say, but if I were worthy to give your daughter counsell she should have a speciall care how she treads, for if this Gentleman be not a Whooremaster, he is very like one; and if she chance any way to cracke her *Venice*-Glasse, 'twill not be so easily sowdred.

Wor. Meddle with your charge Sir, and let her alone.

Bra. I have done, here is a fresh Gamester. *Enter Mr. Manley.*

Man. By your noble leave.

Wor. You'r welcome Sir.

Man. I was directed hither to find a Gentleman.

Fow. *Manly* how ist?

Manl. I was to inquire for you at your lodging.

Fow. Pray know this gentleman Lady Master *Worthy* heele deserue your acquaintance.

Man. You oblige ny seruices — but what make you heere my woman ferritor.

Wor. Come hither *Penelope*.

Fow. Solliciting a cause of *Venus*.

Man. I ſuſpect as much, but with her? is ſhee a whoore?

Fow. No but I'le doe the beſt to make her one,
She loues me already, that's ſome engagement
I dare truſt thee with my ſinnes, who's heere
Aymwell and *Clare*. *Enter Mr. Aymwell, Mr. Clare, Braines.*

Wor. Withdraw your ſelfe.

Fow. *Franck.* *Aym.* Maſter *Worthy.*

Wor. A knot of friends.

Aym. What of my letter?

Fow. 'Tis deliuered you muſt expect.

Wor. What newes gentlemen?

Aym. We heare none, you viſit the Exchange Sir, pray furniſh vs.

Br. What doe all theſe Butterflies here, I doe not like it.

Aym. I hope your daughter is in health.

Wor. Perfect, I thanke Heauen.

Aym. And your Neece at whoſe naming I'me bolde to tender my thankes for your laſt friendſhip, I might haue plung'd by this time into paſſion had not you nobly, iuſt as I was falling preuented my vnhappineſſe.

Wor. Your opinion of what I did, giues value to the action, howeuer 'twas a duty I was bound to.

Bra. This is the youth, I'le pawne my braines, harke you Sir, what doe you call this Gentleman.

Cla. Maſter *Aymwell.*

Bra. He may ſhoote ſhort for all his aymimg,
He weares Batchellers buttons does he not.

Cl. Yes, old trupeny and loopes too, thou art iealous now.

Bra. One word more.

Fow. I haue a plot and thou muſt helpe me.

Man. Let it be a ſafe one. *Aym.* May we not ſee her?

Wor. *Braines* where's thy Miſtris?

Bra. She's a little buſie.

Fow. Who's that. *Wor.* my Neece.

Fow. And ſhee be but a little buſy ſhee's more then halfe at leaſure.

Bra. Doe not you know that a Woman is more troubled

led with a little buſineſſe, then ſome man with mannaging the troubles of a whole common wealth, it has beene a prouerbe, as buſy as a Hen with one Chickin, marry and ſhee had twenty, twenty to one ſhe would not be ſo fond on'em.

Wor. He ſayes right, Gentlemen, wee are friends, it is my brothers pleaſure who is her father, to deny frequent acceſſe to her, till hee hath finiſht a deſigne, for my part, I am not of his minde, nor ſhall my daughter be a priſoner to his fancy, you ſee Sir I doe not ſeclude her, if ſhee chuſe within any limits of reaſon, I moue in her.

Aym. You ſpeake nobly.

Enter Whible.

Whi. Sir *George Richley* Sir, and Sir *Nicholas* are newly arriu'd.

Wor. My brother, acquaint my Neece.

Bra. T'is my office I'le doe it —— *Exit.*

Man. Shall's ſtay?

Aym. By all meanes let's ſee the doughty Knight that muſt free the Lady from her Inchaunted Caſtle.

Cla. Didſt euer ſee him?

Aym. No, but I haue heard his character.

Man. Prethee let's ha't.

Aym. They ſay hee's one, was wiſe before hee was a man for then his folly was excuſeable, but ſince hee came to be of age, which had beene a queſtion till his death, had not the Law giuen him his Fathers Lands, he is growen wicked enough to be a Landlord, he does pray but once a yeare and that's for faire weather in harueſt, his inward ſences are ſound, for none comes from him hee ſpeakes wordes but no matter, and therefore is in Election to be of the Peace and Quorum, which his Tenants thinke him fit for, and his Tutors iudgement allowes, whom he maintaines to make him legs and ſpeeches, he feedes well himſelfe, but in obedience to government, he allowes his Servants faſting dayes; he loves Law, becauſe it kild his Father, whom the

Parſon

Parson overthrew in a case of Tithes; and in memory, wears nothing sutable, for his Apparell is a or the ruines of ten fashions, he does not much care for Heaven, for he's doubtfull of any such place, onely Hell he's sure of, for the Divell stickes to his Conscience, therefore he does purpose when he dyes, to turne his sinnes into Almeshouses, that posterity may praise him for his bountifull of hot Pottage, but he's here already, you may reade the rest as he comes towards you. *Enter Sir George, Sir Nicholas, Tut.*

Wor. Brother.

Rich. Let your kindest respects meet this Gentleman.

Wor. Sir *Nicholas Treedle*, I desire you would write me in the number of your Servants.

Nic. 'Tis granted, Gentlemen I have an ambition to be your eternall slave. *Fow.* 'Tis granted.

Tut. And I to be an everlasting Rascall.

Aym. 'Tis granted. *Cla.* A couple of Cockaloches.

Enter Penelope, Violetta, Winifred, Sensible, and Breines.

Rich. Here comes my Daughter.

Nic. Lady and Mistris of my heart, which hath long melted for you. *Rich.* This is my Daughter.

Nic. Then it melted for you Lady.

Fow. His heart is whole againe.

Nic. Vouchsafe to entertaine a Servant, that shall study to command. *Tut.* Well sayd.

Nic. His extreamest possibilities — in your businesse.

Aymw. Abhominable Courtship.

Sens. Sir, I am Servant to Mistris *Violetta*, who commends this Paper to you. *Aym.* O my best Angell.

Bre. As the Divell would have it, are you there *Sensible*.

Fow. Mr. *Worthy* I take my leaue.

Wor. Will you not stay supper.

Man. Wee are engaged.

Aym. My service shall waite on you Gentlemen.

Clare And mine.

Nic. Come on my Queene of *Diamonds*.

Ric.

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Nic. Come on my Queene of Diamonds.
Rich. Brother lead the way. *Exeunt.*
Bra. If shee carry away this letter so, call me shallow-braines, I was neuer yet couzen'd in my life, this night? it shall be so, I will not come with bare relation of your plots, Ile bring active intelligence that shall tell
Your secret aymes, so crush 'em in the shell. *Exit.*

Actvs. III. Scena, I.

While the Musicke is playing enter Breynes without his shooes With a Letter in his hand.

Br. SVre this is it, my Mistris and her maide are both fast still, I ha watched vnder the bed all night, to rob her pocket of this paper, and I ha don't, some fellow at this opportunity would haue wrigled himselfe into one of their flesh. *Vio.* Who's there? *Sensible.*
Bre. Death her tongue is awake already.
Vio. Who's i'the chamber.
Bre. Helpe me *Breynes*, before shee wakes the tother, 'tis I forsooth but looking for the chamberpot. *Counterfeits*
Vio. Beshrew you for your noyse. *Sensibles voyce.*
Bra. Where's the doore — stumbles.
Sen. Who's there?
Bra. The tother spirit is rais'd i'th Trundlebed What will become o'me now. *Enter Sensible.*
Sen. Here's no body.
Vio. Make an end and get thee to bed.
Sen. An end of what, does she talke in her sleepe, shee was not wont.

Parson overthrew in a case of Tithes; and in memory, wears nothing sutable, for his Apparell is a or the ruines of ten fashions, he does not much care for Heaven, for he's doubtfull of any such place, onely Hell he's sure of, for the Divell stickes to his Conscience, therefore he does purpose when he dyes, to turne his sinnes into Almeshouses, that posterity may praise him for his bountifull of hot Pottage, but he's here already, you may reade the rest as he comes towards you. *Enter Sir George, Sir Nicholas, Tut.*

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Bra. Where's the doore — ſtumbles.
Sen. Who's there?
Bra. The tother ſpirit is rais'd i'th Trundlebed
What will become o'me now. *Enter Senſible.*
Sen. Here's no body.
Vio. Make an end and get thee to bed.
Sen. An end of what, does ſhe talke in her ſleepe, ſhee was not wont.

Bre. So, so, ha the spring is open
I might forget to make it fast last night,
'Tis so, and happily some Curre or Cat
Has beene i'the chamber, for I heare a noyse
About the doore, I'le make it fast
And so to bed againe, I thinke it is day already. *Exit.*

Enter Tutor in his gowne as from his study.

Tu. So this fancy wrote, for Sir *Nicholas* like a forked
Arrow points two wayes, wenches are caught with
Such conceipts, they will imagin't none of his
Inuention, then whose but mine my person does inuite
More acceptation, but the Father aymes
At the estate, no matter if I can
Insinuate my selfe into her opinion
'Tis no impossibility, her portion
Will be enough for both, shall I liue still
Dependant and not seeke wayes to aduance my
Selfe, busy my braines in ballads to the giddy
Chambermaides, begger my selfe with purse and pincasin
When shee that is the Mistris may be mine
T'will be a Master piece if I can gull him,
But he's here already. *Enter Sir Nicholas.*

Nic. Noble Tutor, Morrow to you, hay finished
The whimzey for my Mistris already?

Tu. I ha don't, this paper carries the Loue powder.

Nic. For feare you had forgotten me, I ha made a quibling in praise of her my selfe, such a one as will fetch vp her heart Tutor.

Tu. That were a dangerous vomit Sir, take heed of that.

Nic. I but I will not hurt her I warrant thee, and shee dy within a Twelue month and a day Ile be hangd for her.

Tu. Will you Sir. *Nic.* Marry will I, looke you Sir. But first let me see yours, can you not write it in my owne hand, I shall hardly read it.

Tut. I'le reade it to you. *Nic.* Sir *George* G'ee mee't.

Enter Sir George, and M. Worthy.

Rich. See they are at it. *Nic.* And how doe you like it.

Wor. Mor-

Wor. Morrow noble Sir *Nicholas.*

Ric. Morrow Gentlemen.

Nic. Morrow to you both, Sir *George* I ha been making Poetry this morning. *Tut.* He has a ſubtile fancy.

Rich. What's the ſubiect?

Tu. No ſubiect, but the Queene of his affections.

Nic. I ſcorne ſubiects, 'tis my Empreſſe your Daughters Muſe hath ſet my muſe on fire.

Tu. Reade Sir. *Nic.* No, you ſhall read 'em for me.

Tu. 'Tis a hue and cry Sir. *Ric.* A hue & cry, for what?

Nic. For what, why for ſomewhat I'le warrant you.

Tut. You may call it Loues hue and cry.

Nic. Call it what you will, I know what 'tis.

Wor. Are you ſo Poeticall.

Nic. I ha beene dabling in *Helicon*, next to trauaile 'tis all my ſtudy marke the inuention.

Tutor reades.

In Loves name you are charg'd hereby
To make a ſpeedy hue and cry,
After a face who tother day
Came and ſtole my heart away;
For your directions in briefe
Theſe are beſt markes to know the thiefe:
Her hayre a net of beames would prove,
Strong enough to Captive Iove:
Playing the Eagle, her cleere brow
Is a comely field of ſnow,
A ſparkling Eye, ſo pure a gray
As when it ſhines it needs no day:
Ivory dwelleth on her noſe
Lilly married to the roſe,
Have made her Cheeke the nuptiall bed
Lippes betray their Virgins weed
As they onely bluſht for this
That they one another kiſſe,
But obſerve beſide the reſt
You ſhall know this fellon beſt

By her Tongue, for if your Eare
Shall once a heavenly Muſicke heare
Such as neither Gods nor men
But from that voyce ſhall heare, agen
That that is ſhee, Oh take her t'ee
None can rocke heaven aſleepe but ſhee.

Nic. How doe you like my pipin of *Pernaſſus* Gentlemen.

Ric. Wor. Very handſome.

Nic. Na, I'le warrant you, my Tutor has good furniture in him.

Wor. I doe not thinke hee made 'em.

Nic. Now you ſhall heare ſome verſes of my owne making.

Rich. Your owne, did you not make theſe?

Tu. He betrayes himſelfe.

Nic. Hum? yes I made 'em too my Tutor knowes.

Tu. I'le take my oath who made e'm.

Nic. But I wrote 'em for an other gentleman that had a Miſtris.

Ric. My daughter you ſaid.

Nic. I may ſay ſo, but that their faces are nothing alike, you would hardly know one from tother, for your better vnderſtanding I will read 'em my ſelfe — Her foote.

Wor. Dee begin there?

Nic. Oh, I will riſe by degrees.

Her foote is ſeat with Dyamond tees
But ſhee with legs of Ruby goes:
Thighes Loadſtones, and doe draw vnto her
The Iron pinne of any wooer.

Wor. Pretious conceit.

Nic. *Her head.*

Ric. Her head?

Wor. You were betweene her thighes but now.

Nic. T'is my conceit, I doe now meane to goe downewards agen, and meete where I left in the middle.

Her

Her head is Opall, *necke of* Saphyre,
Breaſt Carbuncles, *ſhine like a fire.*
And the naked truth to tell you,
The very mother of Pearle her belly:
How can ſhee choſe but heare my groanes,
That is compoſed of precious ſtones.

Wo. I marry Sir. *Nic.* Now if you lik't you may.
Wo. A word with you Sir, pray what dee thinke of your (pupill.
Tu. I thinke nothing Sir.
Wo. But deale ingeniouſly, your opinion.
Tu. Shall I tell you?
Wo. Pray Sir.
Tu. Nothing.
Wo. I thinke ſo too, what doth my Brother meane to make this fond Election.
Tu. For my owne part you heare me ſay nothing, but the good parts and qualities of men are to be valued.
Wo. This fellow's a Knaue, I ſmell him.
Tu Some thing has ſome ſauour.
Ni. When you pleaſe, name your owne time I'me ready to be married at midnight.
Ric. About a ſeavennight hence.
Nic. Let it be 3. or 4. I care not how ſoone, is breake-faſt ready.
Ric. It waites vpon you.
Nic. I doe loue to eate and drinke in a morning, though I faſt all day after.
Ric. Ile follow brother.
Wo. Wee'le both attend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Aymwell with a Letter.

Aym. This opportunity, let my couetous eye,
Take to enrich it ſelfe, but firſt prepare
With reuerence, as to an Alter bring
No careleſſe but Religious beames along
With you to this new obiect, this ſmall paper
Carries the volume of my humane fate
I hold my deſtiny, betwixt two fingers

And thus am I wrapt vp without a name
Being or expectation of worlds ioy
More then this table (when the curtaines drawne)
Presents in Character to my thirsty eye sight,
Hayle thou embassadour from thine and my
Mistris, bringing peace or vnkind warre
Thou Embleme of her whitenesse which I kisse
And thus againe salute. *Enter Boy and Clare.*

Boy. Then hee's alone. *Cla.* So leaue vs.

Aym. Comming from her
Can it be guilty of defiance to me
Had shee not meant me happy shee had giuen
My letter to the flame, and with it I
In those thinne ashes had beene buried,
Nor had shee dain'd this answere with the circumstance
At my receiuing prompts mee to beleeue
Gratious the gentle messenger command it
Not as a thing shee woo'd a publique, but
With eyes full of suspition which had beene
Needlesse, had shee contenm'd my seruice,
So smilingly departed, Thus I sent my paper
Which what but loue taught her to imitate
Without a superscription, Oh *Clare* welcome,
Welcome to that heart daunce i'thy bosome
If thou beest a friend and canst reioyce to know mee
Happie, you thought me ridiculous and that I did
With too much flattery of my selfe, expound your story
Had I beene like thee of Frosty apprehension and cold
Phlegmaticke iudgement, I had mist a blessing
That wanton *Iove* would haue beene Riuall for
Dost see this paper? *Cla.* Nothing in the outside.

Aym. T'is inly pretious.

Cla. You haue not searcht the
Lining that you promise so. (*Magnes*

Aym. I see through it, hast thou not heard the perfect
Will although inclos'd within an Iuory box,
Through the white wall shoote forth embracing vertue

To

To the lou'd needle, I can read it *Clare*
And reade a Ioy in't that transports me, this
Came from my Mistris, hauing touch'd her hand
Whence it receiu'd a whiteneſſe hath it not
Brought incenſe to diperſing a rich breath
Sweeter then *Arabian* ſpicery
About the roome, in which while it remaines
Wee ſucke in perfum'd ayre, it came from her
My honeſt *Clare*, from her ſhe whoſe rare wit taught
When in thy dull opinion I was loſt,
My apprehenſion a new hope to thriue
In my ambitious loue, excellent women
The top of all creation I ſhall bee
At once too happy, vnrip thou the ſeale
Read it, and let thy voyce conuey it gently
Leaſt I be ſurfetted, but why ſhould any
Be honoured to receiue her
But I, to whom ſhee hath directed it,
By thy leaue ſilent paper, confident
Of bleſſe I open my *Elizeum*
And let my ſoule into it — ha. *Reades*
Laden with mighty hopes how diſpendant
Haue I launched forth and finde a ſtorme.

Cla. What's this? Your owne Letter returned
Can it be otherwiſe then in ſcorne. *Aym.* In ſcorne.

Cla. Hayou not now cauſe of tryumph, who is now the truer Prophet, you would nouriſh hope in ſpight of reaſon, now you feele a puniſhment in her deriſion.

Aym. Is this credible.

Cla. Credible? 'Tis no wonder in a woman
Though ſhee had promiſed, vowed affection to you
It had not beene a miracle to find
A Change in their affection, yet you cannot
Accuſe her much. *Aym.* Appear'd I ſo vnworthy
That 'mong ſo many wayes ſhe had to expreſſe
At what poore value ſhee eſteemed my proffered
Service, her pride could finde out none but this

To send me mine owne agen. *Cla.* Doe but imagine
You sent a servant with a message to her,
Shee not within, he is return'd agen
Without an answere. *Aym.* Inciuility,
Shee might haue thank'd me, and subscrib'd her name,
I was not bound to her obseruance.
Cla. Come be free againe. *Aym.* I will be so, with this
That I could cancell my affection.
Cla. What doe you meane, it hauing touch'd her hand
Is full of incence and *Arabian* spicery
You are too prodigall of your perfume.
Aym. Doe not thou mocke me too.
Cla. Well, I ha done.
Aym. Would I had so I cannot empty all
My torment, wherefore should a man loue woman
Such aery mockeries, nothing but meere *Ecchoes*
That owe theyr being to our opinion
And in reward of honouring them, send backe
As scornefully the language we bestowed.
Out of our too much dotage. *Cla.* If they send,
All they receiue from vs, accuse them not
We haue our hearts againe. *Aym.* And Ile haue mine,
I will, I ha not yet, here wants a guest
Inuite him home againe, Why should not I
Be as coy as shee, and with as much neglect
Throw her behind my thoughts, instruct me with
Witty reuenge, and thou that see me tosse
This shuttlecocke with as much pride, and when
I'me sated with this sport, let fall this vanity
Into as low disdaine, pshew. *Cla.* Nobly resolu'd.
Aym. Come to a Tauerne, drench the memory
Of these poore thoughts.
Cla. Let's seeke out Master
Fowler and *Manly*.
Aym. And warm'd with sacke, wee'l try
Who can make *Satyres* best. *Cla.* A match, lets to 'em.
Enter Master Fowler, Manly like his Phisitian.

Fow. And thou doſt not play the Doctor handſomely, Il'e ſet the Colledge of Phiſitians vpon thee for practiſing without a licence.

Man. Can you bee ſicke? *Fow.* I would but counterfeit. *Man.* So muſt I the Phiſitian.

Fow. I haue knowne a ſpruſe Empericke hath given his patient 2 or 3. ſtooles with the bare repetition of crude wordes, and knotty ſentences, which haue come from him like a Phlegme, which beſides the operation in the hearers, who admire him for't, while he beates like a drumme, at their barrell head, and turnes their braines like beere, does him the benefit to ſcowre his owne durty maw, whoſe dregs elſe would putrifie; and infeſt his cheekes worſe then a gangreene.

Man. Are you ſure ſhee will viſit you?

Fow. As ſure as I am well, for and I were ſicke and would ſleepe, I would rather, take a nap o'th ridge of *Etna*, and thee fall of deafning *Nilus*, then indure the viſitation, of any of their tribe — one knockes, my pillow and lay my head in the aking poſture. *One knocks*

Enter Aymwell and Clare.

Man. Tis *Aymwell* and *Clare*.

Aym. Where's my witty Bacchanalian, how now? what meanes this Apothecaries ſhop about thee, art Phyſicall?

Fow. Sicke, ſicke.

Aym. Didſt not looke in a glaſſe to day? how ſcurueſly this nightcap ſhewes vpon thee.

Cla. What's the diſeaſe? *Man.* A feauer Sir.

Aym. Hang feauers, let's to the Tauerne, and inflame our ſelues, with luſty wine, ſucke in the ſpirit of Sacke, till wee bee Delphicke and propheeie my bully rooke.

Fow. Alas. *Aym.* Alaſſe, is that the diſeaſe, Drench her, drench her in ſack, ſicke for a laſſe, doe not foole thy ſelfe beyond the cure of Bedlam, be wiſe and well agen.

Fow. You are merry, it ſeemes you haue won the Lady.

Aym. What Lady? the Lady ith' Lobſter, I was halfe

ſicke for fooliſh thing called a woman, a toy tooke mee i'th head, and had like to haue taken away my heart too but I ha recouered, doe not truſt thy body with a Phiſitian, heele make thy fooliſh bones goe without fleſh in a fortnight, and thy ſoule walke without a body a ſeauennight after.

Man. Theſe are no Doctors?

Aym. Doctor? art a Pariſian, a Paduan, or a Leaden Doctor? How many and be true to vs haſt thou kild the laſt Spring, will it puzzel thy arithmeticke, my pretious Rectifier of nature, the wrong way, — faith Thou muſt excuſe me *Iacke* that I cannot condole With thee, by this whay beard of *Eſculapius*, I dare Not endanger my ſelfe with ſo much mellancholly Leaſt I fall into a relapſe — whom haue wee heere?

Enter Whibble and Penelope.

Wo. T'is reported that Maſter *Fowler* is ſick and keepes his chamber, I hope hee's within.

Pen. Noble Sir. *Aym.* Fayre Lady.

Pen. How fare you Sir? *Fow.* The better to ſee you heere. *Man.* Vpon the entrance of this Gentlewoman, I finde your griefe much altered.

Pen. Vpon mine?

Man. Yes, and by that I dare preſume to ſay you are the cauſe of his diſtemper. *Pen.* I Sir?

Pow. A cunning Doctor

Man. For I obſerud ſo ſoone as his ſearching eye had faſtned on her, his labouring pulſe that through his Feauor did, before ſticke hard, and frequent now exceeds in both theſe differences and this *Gallen* himſelfe found true vpon a woman, that had doted vppon a Fencer. *Cla.* I?

Whi. Shee did long for tother bout then,

Fow. Giue vs leaue pray.

Aym. A very pretty fellow,

Cla. Well skild i'th pulſe.

Aym. You know my diſeaſe too dee not? will not my complexion giue you the hint on't

Man. You are not very well. *Aym.* How Sir?

Man.

Man. By your fauour you will come too't.

Aym. To what? *Man.* To a burning Feauor — is there not one woman in the world.

Aym. I thinke there is, and too much of that, what then what conclude you? *Man.* Nothing but Sirrup of *Violet*, would comfort you going to bed.

Aym. Violet? *Cla.* Has giuen't you.

Fow: It does me good Lady to feele you by — the hand.

Pen: Would it were in my power to recouer you.

Fow: The Doctor I thanke him has taken paines with me, but he sayes — nothing will doe me good.

Pen: Nothing?

Fow: But that, which is another sickneſſe to reueale.

Pen: Pray Sir acquaint me.

Fow. I know you loue me.
I haue a great mind and 'twere but for two or 3. Minutes, to haue a maide warme my bed. *Pen.* That may be done.

Fow. With her body — elſe t'will doe me no good the Doctor ſayes — to put life in ſome of my limbes, a little virgin warm'th wo'd doo't.

Pen. You haue a burning Feauor.

Fow. But now and then I haue ſuch cold fits againe — and t'is the Doctors opinion — a very learned man.

Pen. A learned Pandor. *Man.* He's at it.

Fow. Doctor. *Cla.* Againe paſſionate.

Aym: Why, I may loue her name without offence, to you, why did hee waken my remembrance I had forgotten her. *Cla:* Thinke vpon her ſcorne then.

Aym: I ha done, and till I heare her name agen I will throw this dulneſſe off.

Cla: Lets chooſe another ſubiect
How cloſely they conſult, the Doctor is in a fit of counſell I ſuſpect ſome iugling — hee comes of, Ile gage a limbe this fellowe's an impoſtor.

Aym. Is there not much danger in him?

Man. Within two minutes Gentlemen, I haue diſcovered happier ſymptomes.

Aym. So Sir. *Man.* The redundant chollerick matter. *Aym.* Tis no matter Sir.

Man. I thinke you doe not loue him.

Cla. Pursue it.

Aym. What shall I gee to poyson him? *Man.* How?

Aym. Would he were in Heauen, de'e like well of this complexion. *Man.* It shall hire me to kill your Father

Pen. To shew how much I valew sir your life
For I beleeue you doe not mocke, soone as
Your strength will giue you leaue to visit me
At my Fathers house, where I can command
An opportunity, my true loue shall
Present you with your wishes, my maid onely.
Shall be of councell to admit you, but
You'le make me satisfaction by marriage.

Fow. At a minutes warning.

Pen. One thing more, ere I giue vp my honour, I will haue your oath no other woman hath enioy'd your person.

Fow. Willingly, 'tas I could neere be tempted, and but that there is a kind of necessity.

Pen. Be confident of my best loue. *Fow.* Seale it now, I feele my spirits gather force already,
My blood shake off the corrupt humour, ha?
What an I goe home we'e Lady?

Pen. Y'are pretty well already, then you may excuse our meeting. *Fow.* Ho, no, no, we are all apt to flatter our selves, farewell sweet Lady, — if I liue I'le see you, if I dye —— *Pen. Whible* —

Whi. At hand and foote to doe you service. *Exeunt.*

Aym. You will poyson him. *Man.* He is dead, as you find me in this, let me ha your custome.

Aym. You quicksalving Rogue.

Man. Doe, bee valiant. *Manly discouers.*

Fow. A stratagem my noble *Tully*, a stratagem, shee's my owne, the castle of comfort is yeilding vp, I see it prostrate already, my valiant Engineere.

Cla.

Cla. The old humour; now has he the promise of some Maydenhead.

Fow. The beleeuing Creature could not hold out.

Aym. If you thriue so well in your wench, I am no company for you.

Fow. Not for me, Ile worry thee *Franck* to death, if thou flincheſt, to the Oracle boyes, thou ſhouldſt hunt as I doe theſe wanton Rabbet ſuckers, come wee'l haue thy ſtory in *Apóllo*, now my owne tales ouer, — I'le buſy my breines to ſet thy wheels in a handſome motion agen, be bold as I am, let no denyall, make thee remoue thy ſiege, they muſt come to parly, make but wiſe conditions, and the Forts thine owne I warrant thee, come to the Oracle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Breines.

Bre. Cracke my ſides with laughter, heere's a purchaſe happier then I expected, her owne Letter to *Aymwell*, his (which was the moſt I could hope for) would haue beene but preſumption, this is euidence againſt the world, to this haue I added ſeale and ſuperſcription to the old Knight my Maſter, oh how I could hug my ſelfe with the thought on't, they may talke of womans wit, 'tis as ſlender as their apronſtrings from whence they fetch it, they haue no reaches in 'em, here comes my Miſtris moueable, *Enter Senſible.* She ſhall doe the feate Miſtris *Senſible*, heres a Letter to my Maſter, I am going in ſome haſt to diſpatch ſome buſineſſe, when he comes, at opportunity doe ſo much as deliuer it, woo't.

Sen. A greater curteſy then this for you.

Bre. Oh that I were a Youth of one and twenty againe.

Sen. What then?

Bre. Heare my wiſh out, and ten thouſand pounds in a muſty Coffer, a houſe well furniſhed, Acres enough of my own about it, 50. ploughs a going, 20. horſe in the ſtable, beſide a Caroach & 6. *Flanders* Mares 10. tall knaues in liuerie, 8. veluet Pages, 6. Footmen in Cadis. I would marry thee, loue thee, lye with thee, and get ſo many braines without ſage, as ſhould furniſh any nation in Chriſtendome, with politicians girle, farewell ſweet, kind *Senſible.*

Sen. What crotchets be these, the fellowes mad I thinke.

Enter Violetta.

Vio: Oh looke *Sensible* seeke euery where
About the chamber, I ha lost the letter
Aymwell sent me, if we should be
Discouer'd, we are quite vndone, whats that in thy hand,

Sen: A letter. *Vio:* Whence. *Sen:* I know not t'was left heere, and *Breines* hauing some businesse to dispatch requested me to deliuer it.

Vio: Let me see't. To the right worshipfull Sir *George Richly*, I see him comming, loose no time, employ thy diligence to search for mine, I will deliuer this.

Sen. I shall Mistris.

Vio: My father presses me to marry *Treedle*
Short time's allowed for the preuention *Enter Sir Geo.*
My good angell assist me, here's a letter Sir.

Geo. Whence. *Vio.* I know not, your seruant *Breines* receiued it. *Geo.* What's here — daughter doe not you know whence this letter came? *Vio.* Not I Sir.

Geo. You cannot bee so ignorant.

Vio. What meanes my father?

Geo. You are familiar with the Contents.

Vio. I beseech you Sir haue no suspition. —

Geo. I'le read it to you, Mr. *Aymwell*; I receiued your letter, and praise your apprehension, vpon the first view of your person, I conceiu'd opinion of your merit, the flame is now too great to bee suppresst, it is no time to protract your hopes nor dishonour in mee to yeild vpon noble conditions at the first summon, I accept your loue, and require your industry to preuent my fathers purpose, my seruant *Sensible* you may trust, I will vse some inuention to delay my expected marriage, farewell.

Vio. My harsh fate. *Geo.* De'e know this charracter, where's my man *Braines*.

Vio. Your man deuill. *Enter Braines.*

Bra. Did your worship call?

Geo. Oh my best seruant.

Does

Does not thy very ſoule bluſh to deceiue me.

Bra: What's the matter Miſtris.

Vio: Here me I beſeech you.

Geo: I'th height and puzze of my care to make
Thee, happie? to conſpire thy ouerthrow
I wo'not heare.

Bra: Good Sir.

Vio. This was your worke you can read.

Bra: And write too the ſuperſcription of a Letter or ſo. *Geo.* Where's *Senſible* *Enter Senſible.*
For your good ſeruice to your Miſtris houſewife
Packe vp your trinckets, Ihere diſcharge you.

Bra: I hope you are *Senſible.*

Vio: Oh wench my father hath my letter.

Sen: Yours?

Vio: And I miſtaking ſeal'd and return'd *Aymwell* that which he ſent.

Sen: How came he by't.

Vio: Talke not of that, Oh for ſome art to helpe vs.

Bra: Let me councell you not to expreſſe any violence in your paſſions, leaſt you marre the poſſibility of reclayming her, it ſeemes *Aymwell* ha's miſt the intelligence, where ſhame is inforc'd too much vpon the delinquent, it begets rather an audacious defence of the ſin, then repentance, ſoft raine ſlides to the root, and nouriſhes, where great ſtormes make a noyſe, wet but the skin a'th earth, and runne away in a channell.

Sen: A moſt rare proiect.

Vio. It will appeare the ſame, both made to gether
Which ſince my ſiſters death I haue worne.

Geo: Which of my cares reward'ſt thou with this folly.

Vio. Sir can you pardon?

Geo. I loue you but too well, goe to your chamber.

Vio: But muſt wee part.

Geo: Diſpute it not.

Bra: Bu'y ſweet Miſtris *Senſible*, I hope wee ſhall meete againe as merry as we part.

Sen:

Sen. 'Tis very violent, but wee obey your pleasure, I haue onely apparrell and some few trifles.

Geo: Take 'em all we'e and be gone.

Vio. Beside my owne misfortune, I haue cause to pitty thine, my father is displeas'd, and not iniustly, happy genius. — *Exeunt*

Geo: So, things must be mannag'd wisely, I will hasten the marriage.

Bra: By all meanes let it be suddaine.

Geo: Within two dayes — to morrow.

Bra: I wo'not sleepe, till shee be married, but carry things smooth, let not the Knight suspect y'are troubled, your daughter will be fete'ht about with a bias againe.

Geo: How thou deseru'st me, let us in.

Bra: Hereafter for my sake, and subtle paines
Who ere is wise, let the world call him *Braines.*

ACTVS. IV. SCENA. I.

Enter Aymwell and Sensible.

Aym. CAn this be true?

Sen. As I haue faith to heauen.

Aym: Take this and this for thy sweete story, thou
Hast entranc'd me with thy language; laden
With my dispaires, like a distressed barke
I gaue my selfe vp lost in the imagin'd
Tempest, but at point of striking
Vpon a rocke, what a cælestiall gale
Makes my sayles swell with comfort, and enforcing
My ship into the channell, I doe feele it
Bound on the waues, discretion at the helme
Which passion made forsaken, I now blesse
The Minute I weighed Anchor; oh my destiny
Dwell longer on this theeed and make it firme,

Vpon

Vpon it hangs the weight of such a fortune
That if it cracke, will swifter then *Ioues* flaming
Arrow, digge my graue i'th earths center,
Forgiue me sacred sexe of women that
In thought or sillable I/ha declaym'd
Against your goodnesse, I will redeeme it
With such religious honouring your names
That when I dye some neere thought stained Virgin
Shall make a relicke of my dust, and throw
My ashes like a charme vpon those men,
Whose faithes they hold suspected, to what pitch
Of blessednesse are my thoughts mounted. *Sen.* Sir,
This is an opportunity for action
Time will runne fast vpon the minute. *Aym.* Pardon
The trespasse of my ioy it makes me vilde
I am too well rewarded for thy suffering
Promise thy selfe a noble recompence.

Enter Manly, and Clare.

Man: Come ha you finisht your discourse yet.

Aym: Y'are my friends,
I was deceiued in my *Violetta*
Shee loues, sh'as sent me proofe, but a mistake
Sent backe my letter, and detain'd her answere
Which was betray'd to her father, but keepe your wonder
To honour her rare wit, which if the starres
Shew themselues not malicious, will assure
All my desires in her, a diuine project
She is the master engine, you must worke too,
Will you not friends?

Both: You know you may commaund vs.

Aym. Then spread your bosomes, you shall straight procure
A caroach be ready a'th backside a'my lodging,
Doe not loose time in questioning, my fate
Depends vpon your hast. *Man.* Promise it done.

Aym: You shall disguise your selfe I must employ you in rougher action. *Clar*: I refuse no office
To aduance your hopes.

Aym. My certaintie's, in thee,

The frame of our whole building leanes, come on
Moue slowly time vntill our worke be done. *Exeunt.*

Enter Violetta, Tutor.

Vio. I was not blind to your deserts.
Nor can be so vngratefull now, as not
To giue encouragement to your affection
My father may commaund my person, neuer
My loue to marry *Treedle.*

Tu. Hee's an asse I made his best verses for 'em.

Vio. I thought his fancy would not reach 'em.

Tu. His sconce is drier then a Pumice.

Vio. There be wayes to preuent marriage for I'me already changed. *Tu.* Y'are wise, lets run away together.

Vio. But how shall I be sure your loue is fit me.

Tu. Try me and trust me after.

Vio. And I will, for shall it be a hard taske Ile impose on you, dare you fight?

Tu. If I like my enemy. *Vio.* 'Tis a poore old fellow.

Tu. Then I'le kill him, his name?

Vio. My fathers seruant *Braynes.* *Tu.* Hee's dead
By this time. *Vio.* Stay, there is a circumstance
To be obserued, by some meanes I'le procure
He waites on me to the *Strand* this afternoone.

Enter Sir Nicholas, and Whible.

Sir Nicholas? your care for the rest.

Tu. He will suspect nothing by our priuacy.
He bad me take occasion to vrge
His good parts to you, should hee aske I'de sweare
I did but presse his commendations.

Nic. Is thy name *Whible.*

Whi. Yes, and't please your worship.

Nic. I like thee the better for that my name's *Treedle.*

Whi. I thanke your worship.

Nic. Hast done hooking a me.

Whi. Euery eye hath his obiect already.

Nic. A witty knaue, what place dost thou occupie vnder thy Master.

Whi. I am commonly his journey-man Sir.

Nic. How? *Whi.* I looke to his Horses sir.

Nic. Wo't serue mee when I'me married.

Whi. Alas, I haue no good parts to commend me.

Nic. No good parts, and thou hast but skill in Horses and Dogs, th'art fit for any Gentleman in *England*.

Vio. Iust at that place assault him.

Tu. By your faire hand I will. *Vio.* My Delight, how fare you. *Nic.* I'me studying some witty Poesie for thy wedding Ring, let me see——

Vio. Trouble not your head, *Whible* intreat my Father hi-

Nic. No matter, I will send to the Vniuersity. (ther.

Vio. Were you euer of any Colledge?

Nic. Colledge, I haue had a head in most ath' Butteries of *Cambridge*, and 't has beene sconc'd to purpose, I know what belongs to Sizing and haue answered to my Que in my dayes, I'me free of the whole Vniuersity, I commenced with no worse then his Maiesties footmen.

Vio. And euer since you haue had a running wit, you were better consult our wits at home, wee haue excellent Poets i'th Towne they say.

Nic. I'th Towne? What makes so many Schollers then come from *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, like Market women with Dorsers full of lamentable Tragedies, and ridiculous Comedies which they might here vent to the Players, but they will take no money for 'em. *Vio.* Oh my dearest! How happie shall I bee when I'me married. *Kisst.*

Enter Sir George, Worthy.

Wor. Looke, they are ingendering at the lip.

Geo. I like it well. *Vio.* Why are our ioyes defer'd?

Nic. But till to morrow.

Vio. 'Tis an age me thinkes. *Nic.* Kind worme.

Wor. This cannot be deceit.

Vio. I want some trifles the *Exchange* will furnish me, Let it be your motion to my Father.

Nic. Father and Vncle you will excuse our familiar conuersation, I vow Ile bee honest till I be married, not a

touch of my flesh within the walls, onely the suburbs of her lips or hands, or so, and when, and when is to morrow the day, the day of coupling and so forth, haue you got a licence.

Geo. It shall be my next worke.

Nic. Pray doe, weel'e bee marryed here, but keepe our wedding at my owne house at *Croidon*, wee'le ha the City Waites downe with vs, and a noise of Trumpets, we can haue Drummes i'th Country, and the Traine-Band, and then let the Spaniards come and they dare, dost heare; heere's twenty peeces you shall fribble e'm away at the Exchange presently.

Geo: How Sir?

Nic: By this gold she shall Father, lay it out in Tooth-picks, I'le weare 'em out in my hat; come I'le with you for the lycence.

Geo. Who shall with her?

Wor. I must attend a proiect of my daughters. *Exit.*

Enter Braines.

Geo: *Braines.*

Bra: Sir.

Geo: Waite on my daughter to the Exchange, obserue her carefully.

Bra: point me a minute to returne with her, if I faile put my braines into 'th pot, and let 'em beseru'd vp with a Calues head, to morrow dinner.

Vio: It succeeds to my wish.

Nic. *Violetta*, look you lay out my gold at the Exchange in Bartholomew Fairings, farewell *Violetta*.

Bra: Come Mistris will you walke, I would faine see any mortall wit couzen me a my charge now, I will liue to be the shame of Pollititians, and when I am dead, be clapt vp into the Chronicles.

Enter Fowler.

Fow: Ah the desire of vnlawfull flesh, what a coniuring dost thou keepe within vs to lay this little spirit of conscience, the world and the divell, are tame and sprightlesse

temp-

temptations, poore traffique to this ſtaple commoditie of Whooring: this is the place where I muſt take ſhipping for the Summer Iſlands, if ſhe keepe touch, I will call them fortunate, and once a Weeke make a Love voyage to them. Ha! are we entertayn'd with Muſicke?

Song.

Backe, backe againe, fond man forbeare,
Buy not a Minutes play too deare:
Come with Holy flame and bee
Welcome to Vertue and to mee.

Come with Holy flame and bee, welcome to Vertue and to me? Flame? I bring none wo' me, and I ſhould be ſorry to meete any fire workes here, for thoſe hereafter I looke on 'em a farre off, and apprehend them with leſſe feare, againe?

Song.

Love a thouſand ſweets diſtilling,
And with Nectar boſomes filling,
Charme all eyes that none may find vs,
Be above, before, behind vs;
And while wee thy pleaſures taſt
Enforce Time it ſelfe to ſtay,
And by fore-locke hold him faſt
Leaſt occaſion ſlip away.

I marry, this is another manner of invitement, I'le to her but —— *Enter Winifrid.*

Heere comes the ſquire of her Miſtreſſes body, how does my little taper of Virgin waxe, thou haſt beene in ſome dampe thou burnſt blew me thinkes.

Win. Noble Sir.

Fow. What, a cold.

Win. A great cold, I ha loſt my voyce.

Fow. And thou haſt not loſt thy Maydenhead 'tis no matter, have a little care of thy Francke Tenement, and thy tongue will come time enough to it ſelfe Ile warrant thee, what place has ſhe choſen for the Encounter?

Win. Her chamber. *Fow.* Her chamber?
Win. 'Tis all darke.
Fow. Is't all darke, I commend her pollicy the better, then the roome, and the deed that must bee done in't will be of one complexion, so shee be light I care not, prethee convey me to her. *Win.* Follow me.
Fow. As thy shadow woe bee to some a the deere sexe when a Chambermaid is Vsher to a Gentleman. *Exit.*

Enter Mistris Penelope and Worthy.

Pen. It shall be a harmelesse tryall Sir.
Wor. Goe too, I know thou art vertuous, put in execution thy purpose, I'le be within the reach of thy voyce.
Pen. It shall be my security,
What ill starre, rul'd at my Natiuity,
That I should be so miserable to loue
A man, whose glory is his vice, whose study
Is but to ruine vertue. *Enter Winifrid.*
Win. Mistresse? *Pen.* Heere *Winifrid.*
Win. The Gamester waytes his entrance iocund as a Bridgegroome, hee has forgot his Feauer.
Pen. Away you know your charge, be ready where are you Sir, Mr. *Fowler She Speakes hoarse.* *Enter Fowler.*
Fow. Hell, if darknesse will carry it, yet hell cannot be so blacke.
There are too many flames in't, thy hand, what Monkes hole hast thou brought me to, where's thy Mistris.
Pen. This is the way.
Fow. Is this the way? it is a very blind one, the Diuell can hardly know me if hee meet me heere that's my comfort, yet if hee did, he loues the sinne too well to interrupt so precious a meeting, prethee Child of darknesse conduct me to the handsome Fairie I must dance withall.
Pen. It seemes your Feauer hath left you. *Fow.* My Feauer, I forget my selfe, I should haue counterfeited sicke all this while, but no matter and thy Mistris know it not, thou art skilfull in secrets, and I will deserue it: two or three words when I am in her presence, will make her keepe her pro-

promiſe, wo'me about the cure, for that ſhe thinkes I was ſo, prethee doe thy office and bring me to her, I hope ſhe is not within hearing.

Pen. Feare not. *Fow.* So about it then.

Pen. There's a fee belongs to my place firſt:

Fow. A fee belonging to your place, as I hope for a limbe of thy Miſtreſſe I had forgot it, there's gold I can feele it by this darkeneſſe: for thou ſeeſt I haue no light to ſweare by 'tis weight, quicke periwincle to thy miſtris now.

Pen. This is not enough.

Fow. There's more, take ſiluer and all.

Pen. This is nothing.

Fow. Is it nothing? by this hand wo'd I could ſee't, tis all I haue, wo't ſearch me?

Pen. There is another Fee belongs to vs.

Fow. Another Fee belongs to us? what's that? I muſt kiſſe her, th'haſt a down lip, and doſt twang it handſomely, now to the buſineſſe.

Pen. This is not all I looke for:

Fow. Shee wo'not tempt me to come aloft will ſhe?

Pen. If you could ſee me I doe bluſh;

Wor. What does my daughter meane?

Fow. If I could ſee her ſhee does bluſh ſhee; fayes tis ſo: oh the inſatiable deſires of Chamber-maydes! they were wont to looke no higher then the Groome or Seruingman and be thankefull, or if the Maſter would be pleaſed to let 'em ſhew him this lobby to'ther withdrawing chamber, or the turret in ſummer, and take occaſion to cómend the ſcituation and ſo forth, 'twas after the Lady had beene ſeru'd, out of his owne meere motion and fauour, and 'twas taken as an endearement for euer of their ſeruice and ſecrecie, now they muſt be taſters to'em i'the ſweete ſinne, Fees o'the Court muſt be payed, or no ſuit commenc'd with iniquity, O *Venus*, what will this world come to?

Pen. Heare me. *Fow.* Yes, I cannot ſee thee.

Pen.

Pen. This chamber by my policy was made darke:

Fow. This chamber by your policy was made darke, so.

Pen. My Mistris expected you without this ceremony.

Fow. Your Mistris expects me, &c. cunning Gipsey.

Pen: But if you condiscend not first:

Fow. But if I condiscend not first, will she threaten me?

Pen. To impart to me the sweet pleasure of your body.

Fow: To impart to you the sweet pleasure of my body,

Pen: Indeed you shall not imbrace my Mistris and so forth.—

Fow. Indeed I shall not imbrace your Mistris and so forth, you will iustifie this to her face, tis not that I stand vpon a cariere, but I wo'not be compeld to lye with any Whore in Christendome, was euer such a Goate in nature, why harke yee virgin aboue ground, for a darke roome or a sellar are all one for you, you that are a degree aboue the Kitchin, and make your Masters man run mad to heare you play ath' Virginals, whose breath though strengthned with garlicke, you wo'd sucke like a domesticke Catte at midnight, will no dyet downe with you; but what is reserued for your Mistresses pallate, you are in hope to filch a point from my breeches, which executed at both ends, you will weare about your smutchy wrist for a bracelet, I will seeke out thy Mistris, rifle her Lady-ware in spight of thee, and giue my footmen charge not to kisse thee, and it would keep thee frō starving, would I could see the way out agen:

Pen. I can betray and will.

Fow. Shee'le betray vs, she has voyce enough for such a mischiefe, dost heare, doe but consider she is thy Mistris, there's some reason she should be prefer'd.

Pen. Il'e heare none.

Fow. Shee'le heare nō reason, if the divell hath fed her blood with the hope of me, would he would furnish her with an *Incubus* in my shape to serue her, or let a Satyre leape her, oh vnmercifull Chambermaides, the graue is sooner satisfied then their wantonnesse, dost heare, wo't ha the truth

truth on't, 'twas a condition betweene vs, and I swore no woman should enioy me before her, there's conscience I should be honest to her, prethee be kind to a young sinner, I will deserue thee hereafter i'the height of dalliance.

Pen: I am i'the same humor still:

Fow: She is i'the same humour still, I must go through her to her Mistris, art thou a Christian?—Well tho'rt a braue girle, and I doe loue thy resolution, and so soone as I haue presented my first fruits to thy Mistris onely for my oathes sake I'le returne and ply thee with embraces, as I am a Gentleman prethee shew me the way.

Pen. I wo'not trust you Sir,

Fow. Wo'not you trust me? why come on then and there be no remedy.

Pen. Will you satisfie my desire?

Fow. I'le doe my endeauour, I am vntrussing as fast as I can, nay and I be provock't, I am a Tyrant, have at your Bacon.

Pen. *Winfryd.*

Enter Winfryd.

Fow: Ha you found your voyce, what
Meane you by this light?

Pen. That you should see your shame

Fow. Cheated, ha?

Is this your loue to me, your noble loue
I did suspect before how I should find you,

Pen. Degeenrated man, what mad disease
Dwels in thy veynes that does corrupt the flowings
Of generous bloud within thee,

Fow. Shall I not vault Gentlewoman?

Pen. What behaviour of mine
Gave thee suspicion I could be
So lost to vertue, to giue vp mine honour,
Poore man how thou didst foole thy selfe to thy deuouring
Lust, for I was it made thee so late a counterfeit,
Goe home and pray thy sinne may
Be forgiven, and with teares

Wash thy polluted soule.
Wor. I like this well
And find her noble ayme.
Pen. Be man againe;
For yet thou art a Monster, and this act
Published will make thee appeare so blacke and
Horrid, that euen beasts will be ashamed
Of thy society, my goodnesse in hope of
Your conuersion makes me chides you so,
Ha *Winifryd* dost thou obserue him, oh my heart
Is full of feare, I tremble to looke on him:
See of a suddaine what a paleneſſe has
Possest his face, doe not his eyes retyre
Into their hollow chambers, Sir how doe you?
Fow: Well. *Wor.* What new proiect's this?
Win. A suddaine change.
Sure heauen is iust vnto thy late imposture,
And thou art punisht now indeed with sicknes
For mocking heauen I feare, oh dost thou see. *Fow.* What?
Pen. Death sits vpon his forehead, I ne're saw
The horrour of a dying countenance,
But in this Gentleman, *Winifryd* to my closset,
Fetch me the Cordial,
Fow. What de'e meane Gentlewomen,
I doe not feele any such dangerous sicknes.
Pen. What a hollow voyce he has, oh my misfortune
If he should die here, fetch me some strong waters.
Fow. No no, I can walke for 'em my selfe if need be.
Pen. He talks wildly:
I may suspect him, if y'aue so much strength
To walke, goe home, call your Physician,
And friends, dispose of your estate, and settle
Your peace for heauen I doe beseech you Sir.
My prayers shall begge a mercy on your soule:
For I haue no encouragement to hope
Your glasse hath many sands, farewell Sir, cherish
Pure holy thoughts, that if your life soone end,

Your

Your better part may to you Court aſcend, come to my Father. *Exeunt.*

Fow. What's the meaning a this ſicke and dying, I feele no paine, Ihaue heard of ſome dyed with conceite, if it ſhould kill me, I were a precious cockſcombe, was euer poore Gentleman brought into ſuch a fooliſh paradiſe prepared for a race, and mounting into th' ſaddle, I muſt goe home and dye, well, if I liue I'le quit your cunning, and for the more certainty, my reuenge may proſper, I wo' not ſay my prayers till it take effect. *Enter Tutor.*

Tut. This is the place where I muſt exerciſe my valour vpon *Braines*, I was ne're giuen to fight, but I'me engaged for ſuch a prize as I would challenge all the Noble ſciences in my owne defence.

Enter Aymewell, Clare, Manly.

Aym. I cannot ſpye 'em, yet, pray heauen no Diſaſter croſſe our proiect,

Cla. What thing's that walkes about the doore?

Aym. One practiſing I Thinke, the poſtures of a Fencer.

Tut. Things occurre worthy conſideration: Were I beſt to ſpeake before I ſtrike him, or giue him blowes, and tell him reaſon afterwards. I doe not like expoſtulations, they proclaime our anger, and giue the enemy warning to defend himſelfe, I'le ſtrike him valiantly and in ſilence. *Cla.* What does he mutter?

Aym. What buſines ſtayes him here, ſome treachery.

Tut. Being reſolu'd to ſtrike before I ſpeake. 'Tis worth my iudgement, whether Fiſt or Sword Shall firſt ſalute him, I'le be generous, And giue him firſt two or three wholeſome buffets, Which well laid on, may happily ſo maze him, My weapon may be vſeleſſe, for I feare Should I begin with ſteele, her very face Would force me make too deepe inciſion, And ſo there may be worke for Seſſions, I like not that as valiant as I am, Killing is common.

Aym. *Clare*, they are in ſight, downe, downe, oh my rauiſht ſoule, what bliſſe is in this obiect?

Tut. Ha they are comming, 'tis ſhe and the old Ruffian he has but a ſcuruy countenance, I ha th'advantage in the firſt blow, and I ſhou'd be very ſorry, he ſhould beate me in the concluſion.

Enter Clare.

Cla. Why does this fellow ſtay?

Tut. I muſt on, ſhe has ſpyed me through her maske, I ſee her ſmile already, and comm and
A preſent Battery.

Enter Braines before Violetta.

Cla. Will this fellow preuent my office, he goes toward him with a quarrelling face, ha, I'le not engage my ſelfe, then 'tis ſo: withdrawes

Vio. Helpe, helpe. *She runs in & preſently ſlips out*

Bra. Miſtris ſtay, Sencible *dreſt like her Miſtris.*
Feare nothing, alas good Gentlewoman, you blacke Magot death, *I'*de treade him into the kennell amongſt his kindred.

Tut. Hold, helpe, murder,

Bra. We ſhall haue the whole ſtreete about's preſently let's on our iourney, who 'sthis Mole-catcher?
And ye had not beene wo'me, I would haue cut
Him into more pieces then a Taylors cuſhin,
Sir *Nicholas* you ſhall know on't too. *Exeunt.*

Tut. They are gone together, Poxe a this toughnes,
Has made an Aſſe of me, next him doe I hate the Law
Moſt abominably, for if I might kill and not be hang'd:
For him 'two'd neuer trouble me, ſhall *I* looſe my reputation, So I'leventure an other pounding, but *I'*le be reveng'd on him. *Exeunt*

Enter Braines before Senſible.

Bra. My Miſtris is growne very thtiſty of her voyce a'the ſudden, I haue ask'd her 2. or three queſtions, and ſhe anſwers me with holding out her hand, as the poſte at St. *Albaines* that points the way to *London*, either ſhee is grown

growne ſullen, or the fright ſhe was in late like a Wolfe that ſees a man firſt, hath taken away her voyce,—*I'le* make her ſpeake to me—He ſtayes, ſhe puts him forward with her hand.—Said you forſooth—we will not doe, what a bleſſed comfort ſhal he enioy if ſhe continue ſpeech leſſe, the *Perſians* did worſhip a God vnder the name of Silence, and ſure Chriſtians may haue an excuſe for their *Idolatry*, if they can find a woman whom nature hath poſted into the world with a tongue, but no ability to make vſe of that miſerable Organ, what doe you thinke 'tis a clocke? two not ſtroke, ha? how now Mrs. treading a toſide, this is your way to the Exchange. *She ſlips away.*

Sen. My way you ſawcie Clowne, take that,

Bra. You are bountifull, 'tis more then I look't for.

She vnmaskes.

Sen. What ha you to ſay to me Sirra, cannot a Gentlewomã

Bra. Ha ah my *Braines* melt, *I* am vndone, *I* am vndone, you *Succubus* where is my Miſtris? *Proſerpine* ſpeake.

Enter Tutor With Seriants.

Tut. That's he, your office.

Serg. We arreſt you Sir.

Bra. Me you Toades?

Sen. Howe's this?

Tut, Away with him to Priſon, 'tis no ſlight action, at your perils Sergeants—my fayreſt Miſtris.

Sen. Miſtris—*I'le* honour this plot for the mirth ſake.

Exeunt.

Bra. Sirra *Tadpoole* what dee' meane, *I* owe him not a penny by this fleſh, he has a conſpiracy vpon me, *I* charge ye in the Kings name vnbind me.

Serg. We charge you i'th Kings name obey vs,

Bra. May you liue to be arreſted ath' Pox, and dye in a Dungeon, nay ſ'nnes a Court Gentleman, at next trimming ſhaue your eares and noſes off, and then ducke you in their owne boggards.

Actvs. V. Scena. I.

Enter Sir George, Sir Nicholas, Mr. Worthy.

Nic. SO, now we have got a Lycense, I would see who dares marry your daughter besides my selfe, is she come from the *Exchange* yet?

Wor. Not yet Sir. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. Your servant *Braines* remembers his duty in this Paper. *Geo.* Letters!

Nic. Letters, let me read em.

Geo. Your patience Sir.

Wor. I doubt all is not well, what if some misfortune should now befall your Mistris, I hope you have Armour of Patience?

Nic. I and of Proofe too at home, as much as my Hall can hold, the Story of the Prodigall can hardly be seen for't; I have Pikes and Gunnes, enough for me and my Predecessors, a whole Wardrope of Swords and Bucklers, when you come home you shall see 'em.

Geo. A Conspiracy. *Nic.* Oh Treason.

Geo. My man *Braines* is arrested by your Tutor, a plot to take away my daughter, she is gone.

Wor. I did prophesie too soone.

Nic. My Tutor read travell to me, and run away. With my Wench — a very Peripatetike — what shall I doe then, and some had arrested and clapt her up too — we should have knowne where to find her — dee heare, I did not meane to marry with a Licence.

Wor. How Sir?

Nic. No Sir, I did meane to marry with your daughter Am I a Gull? *Wor.* Have Patience.

Nic. I will have no patience, I will have *Violetta*, why does not *Braines* appeare?

Wor. His heeles are not at liberty, he's in Prison.

Nic.

Nic. In Prison, why and he had beene hanged, he might have brought us word.

Geo. I'me rent with vexation, Sirra goe you with me to the Prison. *Exit George and Messenger.*

Wor. What will you doe?

Nic. Ile geld my Tutor.

Wor. You were best finde him first.

Nic. Nay I will finde him, and find him agen and I can light on him, let me alone, Ile take halfe a doozen wo'mee and about it instantly. *Exit.*

Wor. I wish thee well Neece, but a better husband.

Enter Fowler.

Who's yonder, 'tis Master *Fowler*, at an excellent opportunity. *Exit.*

Fow. I doe walke still, by all circumstance I am alive, not sicke in any part but my head, which has only the pangs of invention, and is in travell of some pretious revenge, for my worse then Masculine affront, what if I report abroad shee's dishoneſt, I cannot doe 'em a worse turne then to say so: some of our Gallants take a pride to belye poore Gentlewomen a that fashion, and thinke the discourse an honour to 'em; confidently boast the fruition of this or that Lady, whose hand they never kist with the Glove off: and why may not I make it my revenge, to blurre their fames a little for abusing me.

Enter two Friends at severall Doores.

1. Well met friend, what? thou lookest sad.

2. You will excuse me, and beare a part, when I tell the (cause.

1. What's the Newes?

2. Our Friend Master *Fowler*'s dead.

Fow. *Fowler*! Ha? 1. Mr. *John Fowler*.

Fow. That's I, that's I, ha? 2. The same.

Fow. Dead, am I dead?

1. It cannot be, I saw him but this morning Lusty and pleasant, how dyed hee?

2. Suddenly. 1. Where?

2. At Master *Worthies* house.

1. Dead?

1. Dead! 2. Too true Sir.

Fow. I wo'd not beleeve my selfe sicke, belike I am dead, 'tis more then I know yet.

1. He was a Sutor to Master *Worthies* daughter.

2. Mistris *Penelope*, right.

Fow. By all circumstance they meane me, these Gentlemen know me too, how long is it since I departed? Some mistake ——

1. How poore a thing is life, that we cannot
Promise a Minutes certainty, i'th height
And strength of youth, falling to dust agen. (man?

Fow. Ha, ha, Gentlemen, what d'ee thinke a'the dead

2. 'Tis the last Office I can doe him, now to waite on him to the Earth. (see me?

Fow. Coxcombes d'ee not know me, I'me alive, dee not

1. He was a noble Fellow, and deserves
A memory, if my braine have not lost
All his Poeticke juyce, it shall goe hard
But Ile squeeze out an Elegie.

Fow. For whom my furious Poet, ha, not know me, doe I walke invisible, or am I my owne Ghost, and you wo'not see me, you shall feele me, you have a nimble pate, I may chance strike out some flash of wit —— no ——

Enter Master Worthy.

Here comes another, save you Master *Worthy*.

1. Sir I heard ill newes, Master *Fowlers* dead.

Wor. He is indeed Sir. *Fow.* Indeed you lye Sir.

Wor. I saw his eyes seal'd up by death, and him
Rapt in his last sheet.

1. Where's his body? *Wor.* At my sad house Sir.

Fow. Is my body at your house?

Wor. I did hope Gentlemen, we should ha found
My house his Bridall Chamber, not his Coffin.
But Heaven must be obey'd, my daughter lov'd him,
And, much laments his losse.

Fow. Very good, then I am dead, am I not?

Wor. You both were in the number of his friends,

I hope you'll adde your presence to the rest, a'the Funerall.

Fow. Whose Funerall, you man of *Bedlam*.

2. Cry mercy Sir, pray keepe your way.

1. It is a duty which without invitement We are both prompt to discharge.

Fow. Master *Worthy*, Gentlemen d'ee heare. *Ex. man.* Fow. Is't possible, not know me, not see me, I am so thinne, and aery, I ha slipt out a'the world it seemes, and did not know on't — if I be dead, what place am I in, where am I? This is not Hell, sure I feele no torment, and there is too little company, no 'tis not Hell —— and I ha not liv'd after the rate of going to Heaven; yet beside, I met iust now a Vsurer, that onely deales upon ounces, and carries his Scales at his Girdle, with which he uses to weigh, not mens necessities, but the Plate he is to lend mony upon, can this fellow come to Heaven? Here a poore fellow is put i'th stockes for being drunke, and the Constable himselfe reeling home, charges others i'th Kings name to ayde him. There's a spruce Captain, newly crept out of a Gentleman Vsher, and shufled into a Buffe Iurkin with gold Lace, that never saw service beyond *Finsbury* or the *Artillery* Garden, marches waving a desperate Feather in his Ladies beaver, while a poore Souldier, bred up in the Schoole of Warre all his life, yet never commenc'd any degree of Cómander, wants a peece of Brasse, to discharge a wheaten Bullet to his belly no —— this is not Heaven I know by the people that traffique in't, where am I then? Vmh Ile to *Worthies* before they bury me, and informe my selfe better what's become a me, if I finde not my selfe there in a Coffin, there's hope I may revive agen, if I be dead, I am in a world very like the other, I will get me a female spirit to converse withall and kisse, and be merry, and imagine my selfe a live againe. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Nicholas, Whibble, Footman.

Nic. Come follow me, and be valiant my Masters.

Whib. Remember your selfe Sir, this is your Worships Footeman, and for mine owne part, though I be not cut

according to your cloth, I am a true Servant of yours, where d'ee thinke we ſhall finde 'em?

Nic. Where? where doſt thou thinke?

Footm. I thinke where his worſhip thinkes.

Nic. No matter, whether we finde 'em or no, but when we have taken 'em, as if they be not 'tis their owne fault, for we are ready, for *Violetta* upon ſubmiſſion, I will commit marriage with her, but for the Rogue my Tutor ——

Whib. What will you doe with him?

Nic. Ile doe nothing to him, thou ſhalt kill him for me.

Whib. It will ſhew better in your Footman.

Nic. Thou ſayeſt right, he can run him through quickly, but 'tis no matter who, and the worſt come to the worſt, 'tis but a hanging matter, and Ile get a pardon firſt or laſt, I would kill him my ſelfe, but that I ſhould bee taxed to kill a poore worme, more then ever I did in my life, beſides 'tis not with my credit to be hang'd.

Whib. And pleaſe your Worſhip, Ile make a faire motion, take your choyce Sir *Nicholas*, whether we ſhall kill him and you'll be hang'd for him, or you ſhall be hang'd for him, and we'll kill him.

Footm. Vnder correction, I think it were better to take him Priſoner.

Nic. I like my Footmans reaſon, we'll take him firſt Priſoner, and whoſoever hath a minde to be hang'd, may kill him afterwards —— oh that I had him heere now, I could cut him in pieces on my Rapiers point.

Whib. Has not your Worſhip beene at Fence Schoole?

Nic. At Fence Schoole? I thinke I have, Ile play ſo many for ſo many, I name no weapons, with any High *German*, Engliſh Fencer of them all —— Canſt not thou Fence *Whibble*?

Whib. I Sir alas ——

Nic. 'Tis but thus and thus, and there's a man at your Mercy, I would cleane a Button, and 'twere as broad as the brim of your hat now, oh that I had but any Friend. but to kill a litle, prethee try me *Whibble*.

Whib.

Whib. I am none of your friends.

Nic. Why then and thou loveſt me, be my foe a litle, for a bout or ſo. (aſide.

Whib. I care not much to exerciſe your Worſhip, ſtand

Nic. Stay let me ſee firſt — there's it — I cannot with my honour wound thee, I doe not ſtand upon the oddes of my weapon which is longer then thine, but thou ſeeſt thine is ſhorter then mine by a handfull, too much is too much.

Enter Tutor and Senſible.

Footm. Your Tutor Sir, and Miſtris *Violetta.*

Nic. How! Downe with him ſome body — hee's gone, follow him cloſe — Oh run away cowardly raſcall, will ye not fight againſt three? Miſtris it is my fortune you ſee or my deſtiny, to recover your loſt Virginity, I am ſorry for nothing, but that I ha ſhed no bloud in your reſcue: but where there is no valour to be expected, 'tis beſt to put up with valour and reputation, would the Raſcall my Tutor have popt in before me? I'm glad I have prevented him, — dee heare — your father's mad, and I'm litle better my ſelfe, but let's be wiſe, looſe no time, I know a Parſon ſhall divide us into man and wife ere any body think on't, Ile make all ſure now, Ile not be put into any more of theſe frights, ile marry you, if any man dare runaway with you afterward, let it light upon mine owne head, and that's the worſe I am ſure they can doe me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Worthy, and two friends.

Wor. Gentlemen I thanke you, you carried it
To my deſire moſt cunningly.

1: D'ee thinke 'thas taken?

2. I am covetous to ſee the event.

Wor. Pray ſit — *Penelope.* *Enter Penelope.*

1. In mourning.

Wor. All parties in the ingagement.

Pen. You oblige a womans ſervice.

2. Gentle Lady
And if it prove fortunate, the deſigne

Will be your honour, and the deed it selfe
Reward us in his benefit, he was ever wilde
I. Assured your ends are noble, we are happy in'.

Enter Winifrid.

Win. Master Fowler. *Wor.* Is he come already?
Pen. Remove the hearse into this Chamber
In your nobleness, I desire you will
Interpret fairely what I am to personate
And by the Story you will finde I haue
Some cause of passion.

Enter Fowler. The Hearse brought in, Tapers.

Fow. This is the roome I sickned in, and by report dyed in, umh I have heard of spirits walking with aeriall bodies, and ha beene wondered at by others, but I must only wonder at my selfe, for if they be not mad, I'me come to my owne buriall, certaine these clothes are substantiall, I o. my Taylor for 'em to this houre, if the Divell bee not my Taylor, and hath furnish'd me with another suit very like it — This is no magicall noyse, essentiall gold and silver? What doe I with it if I be dead? Here are no reckonings to be payd with it, no Taverne Bils, no midnight Revels, with the costly Tribe of amorous she sinners, now I cannot spend it, would the poore had it, by their prayers I might hope to get out of this new pittifull Purgatory, or at least know which way I came in to 't —— Here they are in mourning, what a Divell doe they meane to doe with me — not too many teares Lady, you will but spoyle your eyes, and draw upon 'em the misery of Spectacles. doe not you know me neyther?

Pen. Oh Master Fowler.

Fow. Ha, out wa't, nay and the woman but acknowledge me alive, there's some hope a me.

Pen. I loved thee living with a holy flame to purge the errours of thy wanton youth.

Fow. I'me dead againe.

Pen. This made thy soule sue out so hasty a Divorce.

And

And flee to aery dwellings, hath
Left vs thy cold pale figure, which wee haue
Commission but to chamber vp in
Melancholly dust, where thy own wormes
Like the false seruants of some great man shall
deuoure thee first.

Fow. I am wormes meate,

Pen. We must all dye.

Fow: Woo'd some of you would do't quickly, that I might ha company,

Pen. But wert thou now to liue againe with vs
And that by miracle thy soule should with thy
Body haue second marriage, I beleeue
Thou woo'dst study to keepe it a chast Temple, holy
Thoughts like Fumes of sacred incense houering
About this heart, then thou wo'dst learne to be
Above thy frailties, and resist the flatteries of
Smooth-fac'd lust.

Fow. This is my Funerall sermon.

Pen. The burden of which sinne, my feares perswade me, both hastned and accompanied thy death.

Wor. This sorrow is vnfruitfull.

Pen. I ha done,
May this prayer profit him, woo'd his soule were
As sure to gaine heauen as his bodie's, here,

2. We must hope the best, he was an inconstant young man, frequenting of some companies, had corrupted his nature, and a little debauched him.

Fow. In all this sermon I haue heard little commendations of our deare brother departed, rich men doe not goe to th'pithole without Complement of Christian burial, it seemes if I had liu'd to ha made a will, and bequeathed so much legacy as would purchase some Preacher a neate Cassocke, I should ha dyed in as good estate and assurance for my soule as the best Gentleman i'th Parish, had my Monument in a conspicuous place of the Church, where I should ha beene cut in a forme of prayer, as if I had beene cal'd

away at my deuotion, and ſo for haſt to be in heauen, went thither with my booke and ſpectacles——do'e heare Lady and Gentlemen, is it your pleaſure to ſee me, though not know me? and to enforme a walking buſines when this ſo much lamented brother of yours departed out of this world, in his life I had ſome relation to him, what diſeaſe dyed he of pray? who is his heire yet at Cõmon Law, for he was warme in the poſſeſſion of Lands, thanke his kind father, who hauing beene in a conſumption ſixteene yeares, one day aboue all the reſt hauing nothing els to doe, dyed, that the young man might be a Landlord, according to the cuſtome of his anceſtors:

1. I doubt the proiect,

Fow. You ſhould be his heyre or executor at leaſt by your dry eyes, Sir I commend thee, what a miſerable folly 'tis to weepe for one that's dead, and has no ſence of our lamentation, Wherefore were Blackes inuented? to ſaue our eyes their tedious diſtillations, 'tis enough to be ſad in our habits, they haue cauſe to weep that haue no mourning Cloth, 'tis a ſigne they get little by the dead, and that's the greateſt ſorrow now adayes, you lou'd him Lady, to ſay truth you had little cauſe, a wild young man. yet and hee were aliue againe, as that's in vaine to wiſh you know, he may perchance be more ſenſible, & reward you with better ſeruice, ſo you would not proclaime his weaknes,——faith ſpeake well a'th dead hereafter: and bury all his faults with him, will ye, what are theſe all the gueſts? ha? what papers? ſome Elegy or Epitaph? who ſubſcribes? oh this is your Poetry.

How he dyed ſome doe ſuppoſe
How he liued the Pariſh knowes,
Whether he's gone to heauen or hell,
Aske not me I cannot tell.

Very well, would the Gentleman your friend were aliue to giue you thanks for 'em.

What, haue we more?

Vnder-

Vnderneath, the fayre not wise,
Too selfelou'd Narcissus lyes,
Yet his sad destruction came
From no Fountaine but a flame,
Then youth Quench your hot desires,
Purge your thoughts with chaster fyres,
Least with him it be too late,
And death triumph in your fate
Hither all you Virgins come,
Strow your teares vpon this Tombe.
Perhaps a timely Weeping may
So dispose his scorched clay,
That a chast and snowy flower
May reward your gentle shower.

Very well done vpon so dead a subiect, by the Virgin that's in't, you should owe this parcell of Poetry Lady.

Pen. A womans muse sir,

Fow. Oh now you can answere me, am I dead still?

Pen. Yes:

Fow. Then you talke to a dead man.

Pen. I doe.

Fow. Where am I dead?

Pen. Here, euery where.
Y'are dead to vertue, to all noble thoughts,
And till the proofe of your conuersion
To piety winne my faith, you are to me
Without all life, and charity to my selfe,
Bids me endeauour with this ceremony
To giue you buriall if hereafter I
Let in my memory to my thoughts, or see you,
You shall but represent his ghost or shadow
Which neuer shall haue power to fright my innocence.
Or make my cheeke looke pale, my ends are compas'd,
And here in sight of heauen.

Fow: Stay,
Tha'rt a Noble girle, and dost deserue
To marry with an Emperour, remoue

This sad thing from vs, you doe know me Gentlemen
Witnesse my death to vanity, quitting all
Vnchast desires, reuiue me in thy thoughts,
And I will loue as thou hast taught me nobly
And like a husband, by this kisse the seale
That I doe shake my wanton slamber off,
And wake to vertue.

Wor. Meete it daughter.

Pen. Now you begin to liue.

Fow. I will grow old i'th study of my honour, this last conflict hath quite ore'come me, make me happy in the stile of your sonne.

Wor. My blessings multiply.

Gent. We congratulate this euent.

Wor. See my brother. *Enter Sir George, Braines.*

Bra. Let not your rage be so high Sir, I ha more cause to be mad,

Geo. Thou? *Bra:* I.

Geo. I haue lost my daughter.

Bra. But I haue lost my credit, that had nothing else to liue. I was more proud of that then you could be of twenty daughters,

Wor. Haue you found 'em?

Geo. Not, not, and yet this old Ruffian will not let me vex for it, he sayes the greatest losse is his.

Bra. And I'le maintaine it, twas my boast that I was neuer couzned in my life, haue I betrayed so many plots, discouered letters, deciphered Characters, stript knavery to the skiane, and layd open the very soule of Conspiracie, deserv'd for my cunning to bee called *Braines* both Towne and Country over, and now to forfeit 'em, to see 'em drencht in a muddy stratagem, cheated by a woman, and a pedancieall lousie Woodmonger, 'tis abhominable; patience I abhorre thee, I desire him that bids me goe hang my selfe, which is the way to *Surgeans* Hall I le beg to ha my skull cut, I have a supspition my braines are filcht, and my head has beene late stuft with Woodcocks

cocks Feathers.

Fow. Be not mad.

Bra. I will in ſpight of any man here, who ſhall hinder me if I have a minde too't.

Geo. Your happineſſe removes my affliction, ha!

Enter Whibble, Tutor.

VVhib: Where is Sir *Nicholas*? we have brought the Gentleman.

Bra. Are you there —— this was the Champion that juſtled me, ſhall I fetch a Dog-whip, or let me cut him up he will make excellent meat for the Divels Trencher, Ile carve him Sirra.

Geo. Forbeare, where is my daughter? villaine confeſſe.

Tut. Alas Sir, I was waiting upon her home, Sir *Nicholas* met me, and tooke her from me.

Geo. VVor. Sir *Nicholas*!

VVhib. Yes Sir *Nicholas*, hath Miſtris *Violetta*, I am a witneſſe.

Bra. Why did he juſtle me, there began the treachery, aske him that?

Tut: I pray y' ſir let it be forgotten, I ha bin kickt for't.

Enter at one Dore Mr, Aymwell, Violetta, Manly, Clare, *at the other*, Sir Nicholas *and* Senſible.

Whib. Here ſhe is, no there ſhe is.

Geo. Sir *Nicholas:*

Wor: I am amaz'd:

Nic. Stay which is my wife?

Geo. Here's my daughter.

Bra. Miſtris!

Fow. Fine iugling. *Francke* whence commeſt?

Aym: From the Prieſt, if you have any ioy for me, We are married.

Nic. Are there not two Sir *Nicholaſſes*, pray what d'ee call this Gentlewoman?

Aym. Her name's *Violetta*.

Viol. Father your pardon.

Nic. This is fine yfaith, well may a woman miſtake her

 huſ

husband, when a man that is the wiser Vessell cannot know his owne wife. *Geo.* Married to *Aymwell*!

Man. Cla. We are Witnesses.

Nic. A good iest yfaith, hearke you, were you ever Catechiz'd? What is your name forsooth?

Sens. Faith Sir guesse.

Aymw. All passion will be fruitlesse but of ioy.

Nic. Sensible? Came I from *Croydon* for a Chambermaid? D'ee heare every body I ha married *Sensible*!

Man. Cla. We are witnesses of that too.

Nic. No no, this is my wife.

Aymw. Touch her not with a rude hand.

Nic. Why, I know she meant to be my wife, and onely I ha married her, as folkes goe to Law, by Attourney, she is but her Deputy, for the more state I married her by proxie.

Bra. Doe not deceive your selfe Sir, though Princes depute men to marry their wives, women doe not use to be Cyphers, she is your wife in law, let me counsell you sir to prevent laughter, some body hath been couzened, I name no body, since it was your fortune to marry this wench, which cannot now be undone, seeme not to be sorry for't, they doe purpose to ieere you out of your skinne else.

Nic. Say'st thou so?

Bra. Be confident and laugh at them first, that they are so simple to think that you are guld, commend your choice, and say 'twas a trick of yours to deceive their expectation.

Nic. Come hither Madam *Treedle*, Gentlemen, you thinke now, I have but an ill match on't, and that as they say I am cheated, doe not beleeve it —— a Lady is a Lady, a bargain is a bargain, and I'm a Knight & no Gentleman, so much for that —— I grant I married her, in her Mistresses name, and though (as great men, that use to choose wives for their favourites or Servants, when they have done with 'em) I could put her off to my Footman or my Tutor here, I wo'not, I will maintain her my wife and publish her, d'ee see, publish her to any man that shall laugh at it, my owne Ladybird, and Madam *Treedle*.

Fow. You are happy Sir, in being deceiv'd, he is a noble Gentleman.

Wor. Sir *Nicholas* has releaſt her,
Let your conſent be free then.

Geo. You have wonne it
Be my lov'd children, and I wiſh a ioy
Flow in all Boſomes. *Braines* we are reconcil'd.

Nic. Tutor we pardon.

Vso. You may Sir, he was my engine, now,
What ſayes my factious ſervant, nay, wee're friends,
The greateſt Politician may bee
Deceiv'd ſometimes, wit without braines yee ſee.

Bra. And braines without wit too.

Fowl. *Franck* thou art married, and Sir *Nicholas* has made a Lady, I ha liv'd looſe a great while, and doe purpoſe to be made faſt to this Gentlewoman.
To whoſe act I owe my true Converſion.
When all things have their tryall, you ſhall find.
Nothing is conſtant bnt a vertuous mind. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

This Play, called THE WITTY FAIRE ONE, as it was Acted on the Stage, may be Printed, this 14. of *Ianuary*. 1632.

HENRY HERBERT.